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McKean County Miner.

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COUDERSPORT SHUT OUT.

But We Lose to Port Allegany in Close Contest Yesterday.

SMETHPORT STILL IN FIRST PLACE

Eldred Beats Austin and Coudersport—Austin and Coudersport Wallop Olean—Some Good Games.

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	Played	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Smethport	9	6	3	.667
Austin	10	6	4	.600
Coudersport	10	6	4	.600
Eldred	12	6	6	.500
Port Allegany	7	3	4	.429
Olean	7	1	6	.143

In the games this week our team has split even by winning from Coudersport 6 to 0 last Friday and losing to Port Allegany in a hard fought battle at Port Allegany yesterday afternoon by a score of 4 to 3.

SMETHPORT 6; COUDERSPORT 0.

The home team recorded another nice victory at Kane field last Friday afternoon by shutting out Coudersport in a well played game and thus putting themselves in the lead for the pennant. About 500 people witnessed this excellent exhibition.

The game started with Smethport at bat. Sasse struck out, Tull flied to right field and Keefer hit a grounder to second. Blair opened for the visitors with a two-bagger but was caught trying to take third on the throw. Merrill flied to right field. Devall made a single was forced to second by Clark drawing four balls but Drake's fly to Bake ended the inning.

Second. After Servatius and Young were out two bases on balls, a stolen base and a passed ball scored Studholme. Holland batted a grounder to Tull. Moran got four balls but was doubled on Parish's grounder to second.

Third. Sasse went out to pitcher, Tull made a single but was caught trying to steal second and Keefer struck out. Bell took first on Tull's error and was caught at second on Blair's hit to Studholme. Merrill took one in the slats and went out on Devall's hit to second and Clark fanned.

Fourth. Our boys went out one, two, three. Drake batted to Fuller, Holland took four balls. Moran reached first on Studholme's error, but Parish fanned and Bell hit to Fuller.

Fifth. Denning batted to Bell. Andrews got a clean single, was caught at second on Fuller's grounder to second and Fuller went out on Sasse's hit to third. The visitors went out, one, two, three.

Sixth. Tull hit to pitcher, Keefer got first on Bell's error and stole second and the next two struck out. Clark retired on a grounder to short. Drake and Holland made single hits and advanced a base on a passed ball; at this point the Big Pitch limbered up, fanned Moran and Parish popped a foul fly to Keefer and that was the last the visitors saw of even first base. Devall excepted and he did not see it very well.

Seventh. Here is where the balloon went up. Studholme waited for four bad ones. Denning made a single and, while Andrews was striking out, both stole a bag. Bell's error on Fuller filled the bases and two runs were forced in by Sasse and Tull waiting for balls; a passed ball scored another and Keefer's single brought in the fourth, and it is probable that things would have been much worse had not Tull been hit by Servatius bit up third base line and Bake being called out for not running. Bell, Blair and Merrill each batted grounders to Tull and retired.

Eighth. Young, Studholme and Denning retired in order. A collision between Servatius and Denning let Devall to first but while thinking of the pleasures to be had at Dreamy Land Inn he wandered from the bag and was awakened upon being notified that he was out and the next two went out gracefully.

Ninth. Andrews hit out a single and stole second, Fuller flied out, Sasse hit for two bags, scoring Andrews and the next two up retired the side. The first three men up for the visitors were retired. Score, Smethport 6; Coudersport 0.

Following is the tabulated score:

SMETHPORT.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Sasse, ss	4	1	2	3	2	0
Tull, 3d	4	0	1	1	5	1
Keefer, 1st	3	0	1	14	1	1
Servatius, lf	4	0	0	1	1	0
Young, c	4	0	0	2	1	0
Studholme, 2d	2	2	0	1	5	1
Denning, cf	3	1	3	1	0	1
Andrews, rf	4	1	2	3	0	0
Fuller, p	4	1	1	0	1	0
Total	34	6	8	27	16	4
COUDERSPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Blair, c	4	0	1	8	1	0
Merrill, ss	3	0	0	2	0	0
Devall, 1st	4	0	1	9	0	0
Clark, 2b	3	0	0	2	4	0
Drake, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Holland, 3d	3	0	1	1	2	0
Moran, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Parish, lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Bell, p	3	0	0	1	4	2
Totals	31	0	4	25*	11	2

*Servatius out by being hit by batted ball in second inning and out for not running in seventh.

Smethport,	1	1	0	0	0	0	4	0	1—6
Coudersport,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Smethport 1.
Stolen bases—Devall, Keefer, Studholme 2, Denning, Andrews 2.
Two-base hits—Blair, Sasse.
Double play—Studholme to Keefer.
Bases on balls—off Fuller 3, off Bell 5.
Hit by pitched ball—Merrill.
Struck out—by Bell 9, by Fuller 3.
Passed balls—Blair 2, Young 1.
Left on bases—Coudersport 8, Smethport 5.
Time of game 1:40.
Umpire—Norton.

PORT ALLEGANY 4; SMETHPORT 3.

Preparatory to the game yesterday the Indians loaded up, but even at that Smethport money went begging for takers and when the score was 2 to 0 in their favor, our sports could only get a stray dollar here and there, and therefore we are richer to-day by several hundred dollars. Following is how it happened:

First. Smethport opened by drawing four balls and Tull took first on Studholme's error but the next three men were retired. Daniels for Port Allegany singled but a two-bagger, went to third on Thompson's fly to Sasse and scored on Tull's error.

Second. Three men faced Shortell, although Bell and Young each made hits—Bell being caught between bases for himself and Young. And three faced Fuller.

Third. Our boys were retired in order. Shortell made a two-bagger and a like hit by Thompson scored him before the side was retired.

Fourth. Both sides were retired, one, two, three.

Fifth. After two were out Young singled, stole second and scored on Fuller's double. Sasse reached first on Daniels' error and Tull's hit scored Fuller; Keefer struck out. After two were out Julius lined it out for two bags but Fuller fanned Daniels.

Sixth. Servatius took first on Studholme's error, Studholme sacrificed him to second and he scored on Bell's hit, Andrews and Young striking out.

Seventh. Three men faced each pitcher.

Eighth. Our team was retired in order. Julius and Daniels went out on grounders to short, Thompson and Lemon made little hits, Rogan hit a grounder to Bell which he threw high to first and two men run in but Umpire Norton enforced the ground rules and put both back to second and third. Here Studholme hit one in front of the plate and beat it out by a very narrow margin, and two men scored on the hit and throw owing to Studholme running into Keefer and the fact that Keefer thought he had his man. Rogers' fly to Bell retired the side. Score, Port Allegany 4, Smethport 3.

Ninth. Bell hit out a nice double but was caught asleep at second, Andrews and Young hit flies to left field and that is how we got trimmed.

Following is the tabulated score:

SMETHPORT	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Sasse, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Tull, 3d	4	0	1	0	2	1
Keefer, 1st	4	0	0	11	1	0
Servatius, lf	3	1	0	0	0	0
E. Studholme, 2d	3	0	0	2	3	1
Bell, ss	4	0	3	2	3	1
Andrews, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Young, c	4	1	2	3	5	0
Fuller, p	3	1	1	0	2	1
Total	33	3	7	24	15	4
PORT ALLEGANY	AB.	R.	H.	PO	A.	E.
Daniels, 2d	4	1	1	2	4	1
Thompson, cf	4	1	2	0	0	0
Lemon, ss	4	0	1	1	3	0
Rogan, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
G. Studholme, 1st	4	0	1	7	1	0
Rogers, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Culligan, ss	2	0	0	1	0	0
Shortell, p	3	1	1	0	5	0
Julius, c	3	0	1	10	0	0
Totals	31	4	7	27	13	1

By innings:									
Smethport	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	3
Port Allegany	1	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	4

Earned runs—Smethport 1, Port Allegany 1.
Stolen bases—Tull, Young.
Two-base hits—Bell, Fuller, Thompson, Daniels, Shortell.
Base on balls—off Shortell 1, off Fuller 1.
Hit by pitcher—Rogers.
Struck out—by Fuller 4, by Shortell 10.
Passed balls—Julius 1, Young 2.
Sacrifice hit—Studholme.
Time of game—1:40.
Umpire—Joe Norton.

ELDRED 4; COUDERSPORT 2.

The Eldred team saved us from dropping a notch yesterday by defeating Coudersport on their own grounds in a very pretty game. Jessop pitched for Eldred and put up a nice game, winning by the above score. This makes two games Eldred has taken this week from good teams and if they keep on they will be making the best of us hustle before the season is over.

AUSTIN 14; OLEAN 3.

The Austin Hicks defeated the Foreigners in a one-sided game at Austin Monday afternoon. Servatius of Smethport pitched six innings for the Hicks and did good work. They took him out when the game was safe to save him for Tuesday's game with the Swamp Angels.

ELDRED 11; AUSTIN 6.

The Angels went up to Austin on Tuesday and took a fall out of the Hicks on their own grounds in a fairly loosely played game, which ended up in a score of eleven to six in favor of the visitors. McFall pitched for Eldred and Servatius was on the rubber for Austin. It is understood that our own "Buke" pitched a good game and that lack of support was the cause of their defeat.

COUDERSPORT 24; OLEAN 3.

Coudersport defeated Olean by the above score at Coudersport Tuesday in a loosely played game on the part of the visitors.

SMETHPORT 9; OLEAN 0.

On account of the non-appearance of the Olean team the game for to-day was forfeited to Smethport.

P. H. C. Picnic.

The members of the Protected Home Circle held their annual picnic Thursday afternoon and evening. It was their intention to hold these festivities at Nunundah Island Park, but the light showers and threatening weather in the morning drove them to the shelter of the hose house. This, however, did not dampen their ardor for a good time and at noon the tables were spread with the many nice things and as jolly a party as ever met was gathered around the festive board, where they feasted until the inner man was entirely satisfied, while the High School orchestra furnished sweet music.

After the tables were cleared away and everybody participated in the terpsichorean art. Many of the old time dances were performed to the inspiring music of the orchestra which were hugely enjoyed, more especially by the older members. A short intermission was taken for supper which was also served in the hall. Then the sport continued until 10:30, when all departed for their homes.

The P. H. C. has always had a most enviable reputation for the princely manner in which they entertain and this is only one more success added to their already long list.

Murder in Potter County.

Last Thursday morning Eben Pierce shot and mortally wounded Myron McNess at Moore City, a little hamlet in Potter county.

Details of the tragedy as told by Pierce are about as follows: Pierce says he secured a quart of whiskey and drank the biggest part of it before breakfast. After breakfast he went to the house of his brother and asked McNess, who boarded there, to go fishing for suckers with him. The latter agreed and they started down to a small creek which runs a short distance from Pierce's house.

After reaching the bank of the creek Pierce says that no words passed between them, but that he pulled a 38-calibre revolver from his pocket and pointing it at McNess said, "You're the man who broke up my family," and fired. The bullet took effect just below the heart and the wounded man fell to ground. He then attempted to rise and Pierce fired again, this time the bullet taking effect in the back.

The wounded man was taken to the Pierce house and medical aid summoned. He is mortally wounded, two bullets having entered his body, one of which passed through his lungs. Pierce was arrested and placed in the Coudersport jail.

A Peculiar Accident.

A horse belonging to S. E. McClafferty, which was being pastured on the Brennan farm, south of this borough, met with a peculiar accident—if accident it was—one day last week.

A week ago last Sunday the horse was all right, but last Sunday when Jere McCarty went to see the animal he found it had a deep wound in the left side of its neck. The gash, which is about six inches long and six inches deep, narrowly escaped the jugular vein. It is not a ragged, uneven cut, such as a horse would get by falling on or running against a barbed wire fence, a sharp stone or the stub or limb of a tree, but a straight and clean cut, such as would be made with a sharp knife or scythe.

Another peculiar thing about the wound is that it was not filled with blood nor were there any blood stains on the animal's neck or body when Mr. McCarty found it. No sharp instrument which could inflict this wound can be found in the enclosure and how the accident happened is a mystery to horsemen unless some malicious person did the cowardly deed. The horse is being well cared for and probably will recover.

Sixty-First Anniversary.

Last week's Mt. Jewett Herald has the following to say of one of McKean county's oldest and best known couples:

On Monday afternoon a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Burdick assembled at the residence of their son, Dr. W. P. Burdick, on High street, to assist in celebrating the sixty-first anniversary of the marriage of the aged couple.

Sixty-one years is a remarkably long period for two people to have traveled together as man and wife, and judging from the serene countenances of Mr. and Mrs. Burdick, the journey in their case has been one of content and happiness. Notwithstanding that Mrs. Burdick has been confined to her bed for several years, as the result of a fall, no word of complaint escapes her and her life continues as a summer day, while her aged companion goes about his chosen duties with a cheery greeting and smiling face, intent on the happiness of her who has so long shared his joys—as to sorrows, they seem to have escaped them. May they be long preserved to us, as an example of that life intended for all.

Select a $1.00 hat and pay only 35c at Wm. Monheimer's.

Subscribe for the MINER

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old; Taken from the Files.

Married, in Keating township, at the residence of the bride's father, on March 25, 1869, by the Rev. R. D. Hays, Mr. F. M. Windsor and Miss M. E. Abbey, all of Keating.

At present the water is too high for running rafts out of the Allegheny, but during the week several of Bush's pieces have been dropped into the Nunundah from Marvin. Upon being informed that there was a chance for a ride we hastily packed away our traps and started. When we arrived at the anchoring place the rafts were at their moorings and looked as if they were likely to stay there, as "blades" and "stems" were yet to be made, but as our party had made up their minds to have a ride, we shed our coats and went to work with a will. In the course of four or five hours the word was given to "cut loose" and in two minutes we were afloat on the "fresh water deep." We had for our pilot a man who is known far and wide as a "Salamanca pilot," and on the land as a man who needs rest; but in a few minutes we found out that if he needed rest on the land he thought the men who were pulling did not need much, for they were kept pulling most of the time from one side of the creek to the other. After we got fairly under way we were aroused by the cry that we were "going to muskrat!" We looked into the faces of the old men and seeing them stand firm we did likewise, with our back to the front of the raft, looking to see the muskrats; but presently we were found taking a closer view by lying flat on our face by a blow on the back of the head from an overhanging limb. Just as we got ourself picked up and neckties adjusted we were alarmed by the cry, "Man overboard!" and just as we commenced pulling our coat to leap after him we saw, as we supposed, a muskrat astride of the oar stem and as we had a board uplifted to break his head we recognized a friend "Wallering" around trying to make the raft. At last he was saved and we were congratulating the "Wallerer" on his safe "Waller," when we were again frightened by striking a tree, but in a moment we were safe again and sailing along at the rate of five or six miles an hour when we struck another tree and the cry was "off of this, off of this—jump off!" and as we were bracing for a jump we heard a laugh and upon seeing who it was, that raised the alarm we took up the laugh and raised the spirit of "Geo. Washington" to fever heat. There we lost our main man and started onward again. We took the oar and thought we would show the water fowls that we had been on the river some, but after pulling for a few rods were weak in the back and took a back seat where we could look out for muskrats. After having run the covered bridge a new man undertook to carry the forward oar, but not caring to share the fate of the illustrious Waller from Enosburg, Vermount, he soon "let up." From this place to our landing everything worked well and in due time we arrived home better and wiser we hope.

We call especial attention to the card of M. L. Armstrong, which may be found on the first page of this paper. Mr. Armstrong takes the place of Mr. Seems in the jeweler and watchmaking business and is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. He will also sell jewelry at the most reasonable prices. His shop is at the postoffice in Frank King's store.

We notice that the public square is being plowed up again this spring. We hope the intention of last summer—that of setting out shade trees—will be carried out this season, thereby making it one of the handsomest grounds in this section. Potato vines make a good shade for the round-shouldered and bowed down, but the upright need something more lasting and beautiful.

Married, on April 17, 1869, by Rev. Job Miller, Mr. W. F. DeGolier of Bradford, Pa., to Miss Lucy Jacobs of Forestville, N. Y.

In Lafayette township, on April 25, 1869, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. R. D. Hays, Mr. G. W. Kelley of Ellisburg, Pa., and Miss F. E. Evans of Lafayette.

At a meeting of school directors of this county on Tuesday last W. J. Milliken was selected to fill the office of county superintendent for the three succeeding years. He has performed his duty faithfully during the term which has just expired and we congratulate him on his re-election.

Common clothes wringers and blacksmith's vises sink into insignificance when compared with the celebrated "Automatic Rumsey Wringer," which was exhibited in this place one day last week. It does not work well on clothes as it is very apt to tear them, but for wringing claret from the nose, its equal is not extant. It is small, but, oh—it is strong. We do not know the price of the machine, but are satisfied it is cheap. We understand that Wm. Rumsey has the sole right for the borough. For testimonials and further particulars inquire of Gilbert. "In times of peace, prepare for war."

In Reference to Good Roads

There appears to be some surprise that more interest is not taken in the improvement of the public roads under the recent legislation in the State, says the Philadelphia Press. An insignificant number of applications have been made for State aid, and some of these are without proper local authority. It is too early, however, to conclude anything from this. It is evident the law is not yet fully understood and the reluctance in so many localities to the expenditure of any cash whatever in the work on roads is an obstacle. While the State will pay two-thirds of the cost of road building carried on under its supervision one-sixth must be paid by the township and one-sixth by the county. This makes necessary the expenditure of some cash by the local authorities, where heretofore, in many instances, the citizens have worked out their road tax for a few days' work on the highways from which little or no permanent value has been obtained.

What townships and counties may be called upon to pay in a year will depend, of course, upon the number of miles of road built and the cost per mile. Senator Roberts of Montgomery, one of the authors of the new road law, and who is quite familiar with the question, does not think the cost per mile should ever exceed $5,000, exclusive of grading. He estimates that it is possible to keep within this limit if crushed stone can be delivered upon the road to be improved at a cost not exceeding $1.25 a ton. He also advises that no township shall build more than one mile of road a year unless it is wealthy, but this is wholly a matter of discretion and finances. The proportion that a township would have to pay on a mile of road costing $5,000 would be $833, and a similar amount would be paid by the county.

Will McKean county take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the new road law and improve the highways? This is a question which should be given more attention than it is receiving in this county.

Ridgway Girl Assaulted.

One of the foulest crimes that have been committed in the history of Elk county took place at Ridgway yesterday afternoon, when Miss Lottie Singer, an estimable young lady of Ridgway, was assaulted while out in the woods picking berries. She, in company with her sister who graduated from the Kane Summit hospital training school for nurses, was on the outskirts of the town picking blackberries. The sisters became separated and when the older one called she received no response, and immediately set out in search for her. She was horrified a few minutes later to find her sister bound and gagged with almost every inch of clothing off her body, besides being terribly bruised. An alarm was sounded and soon a large posse of men armed with guns and revolvers were scouring the woods in search of the brute in human form. The search was kept up during the night, but up to the hour of going to press the search was of no avail. Miss Singer was able to describe her assailant quite accurately, and the police are sure they will be able to effect his capture very soon. He is described as being a thick set young man, wearing a checked suit of clothes and having gold filling in two of his front teeth. It's an awful deed and the fiend when captured should receive a speedy trial and be given the full penalty of the law.—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

Death of Chas. B. Nesmith

Charles B. Nesmith, a well-known newspaper man of Warren, and who accompanied the 16th Regiment to Porto Rico as a correspondent, died suddenly from spotted fever at Mountain City, Idaho, on Thursday. He learned the printers' trade when a young man but soon left it for reporterial work and had earned an enviable reputation in that line. For several years he was connected with the local papers of Warren, the News, Democrat and Mirror. He left Warren about five years ago and many of his articles concerning the Colorado fields have since appeared in the Buffalo Express. He was 30 years of age. He is survived by his wife and daughter of Boise City, Idaho, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Nesmith, and a sister, Miss Lois, of Warren. Deceased was a cousin of Mrs. W. O. Herzog and Harry R. Henderson of this place.

A Fatal Accident.

Will, the 17-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien of Pine Grove, met with an accident last Saturday which proved fatal. The young man was driving a team drawing supplies for the Citizens' Gas Co., when in some manner a side board became loosened, one end striking the ground and the other struck the young man a forceful blow on the back and neck, causing him to fall underneath the load, which passed over his body. The young man lived until Tuesday. The funeral was held at Sartwell on Thursday.—Port Allegany Argus.

Bring this to Monheimer and you'll get 10 more trading stamps than your purchase entitles you to.

HOME AGAIN.

The Greatest Show on Earth Now Greater Than Ever.

The Barnum & Bailey Greatest Show on Earth will exhibit at Bradford, Pa., on Thursday, August 20. Owing to the magnitude of the show the route is necessarily restricted to the most important cities, but low excursion rates and special trains, will be necessary, have been secured in order to accommodate the people of the small cities who wish to see the wonders of this mammoth amusement institution. The Barnum & Bailey circus returned to America last fall after a remarkable tour of Europe extending over a period of five years. During the interim the show has grown enormously; hundreds of new and novel acts and big arenic features have been secured, while the inherent American love for spectacular displays has been anticipated by the production of a stupendous moving, living picture of imperial Oriental pomp and pageantry. This resplendent display is, however, simply a prelude to the circus performance, which serves to introduce 300 arenic celebrities from all parts of the world. The performance they present in the triple rings, on the stages and in mid-air is startling in its magnitude and daring novelty. Fun-lovers are not neglected and 25 famous clowns keep the audience in an intermittent whirl of wonder and merriment. One of the biggest sensations of the year is Cyclo, the Kinetic Demon, who braves injury and death by a sensational bicycle ride on the inside of a perpendicular circle. The ancient and modern races and feats of strength and endurance presented on the hippodrome track as a climax to the performance are thrilling in the extreme. "Coco," the baby elephant, the two giant giraffes and the other rare zoological features in the menagerie are attracting universal attention, while the miniature naval display which is presented in connection with the zoo and the congress of "living human curiosities," everywhere arouses the most pronounced patriotic enthusiasm. This year's street parade is entirely new and gorgeous beyond anything in the progressional line hitherto attempted. Everyone who attends the Barnum & Bailey circus is sure of a seat and every seat is provided with a comfortable foot rest. The tents are lighted by a new electrical system.

Double Tragedy at Buffalo.

A dispatch from Buffalo dated Aug. 10, 1903, says: "Kent T. Stowe shot his wife, Pauline, dead in a bedroom at their home in this city to-day. Stowe then turned the revolver against himself and sent a bullet through his head. He was removed to a hospital where he died this evening. The tragedy occurred shortly after the pair arose. Mrs. Stowe had attended her infant daughter, after which Stowe took the baby and carried it down the stairs, giving it over to his mother's care. Returning to the bedroom Stowe shot his wife through the back of the head, killing her instantly. He then went to the bed and shot himself. The police can find no motive for the crime. The married life of the pair, their parents declare, was happy. The family physician insists that Stowe was temporarily insane. He had suffered from malarial fever and at times was much depressed.

Stowe was a graduate of the Boston institute of technology and was employed by the Lake Shore railway. He was 24 years of age. His wife was 26. The marriage, an elopement, the police say, occurred before he left college. Stowe was a grandson of James Tillinghast, at one time president of the New York Central railway.

Grange Picnic.

The Patrons of Husbandry of McKean county will hold a basket picnic at Farmers Valley Monday, Aug. 24, 1903.

Prof. A. E. Morse, the funny man from way down East in Maine, will be present to make you laugh. A. M. Cornell, Lecturer of the State Grange, will be present and discuss the topics of the day as they affect the agricultural interests of the State. State Master W. F. Hill will be present also and address the people, and will organize a Pomona grange in the evening at Coryville.

Good music. Plenty of local entertainment and a good time generally.

Turn out patrons and friends and get the benefit of these inspiring exercises. Bring your lunch baskets and be prepared to stay all day and enjoy some of the good things of life.

By order of committee.

Carriages and Buggies.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has a new stock of carriages and buggies which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to suit you. They are Waterloo and other standard makes. If you want a good carriage or buggy now is your opportunity.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Inquire at residence of John N. Apple, West King street.

WITH A FALSE ARM

By William H. Osborne

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure

A man with but one arm stood leaning against the showcase. The other arm, the false one, rested partly on the tray of diamonds. On the hand of that arm he wore a conventional glove of black. He was a well dressed man, with a smooth shaved face. He was examining some high priced stones.

With his other hand, the left one, he finally picked out a small diamond, probably the least expensive of the lot, and asked the clerk to wrap it up. At the same time he pulled from his trousers pocket a roll of bills at least three inches thick and with the left hand deftly counted out enough to pay for his purchase.

The clerk took the money and the purchased gem and then seized the tray to replace it in the case.

As he did so he rapidly counted with his eye the remaining stones, as was his custom. There were two missing, in addition to the one he himself had taken from the tray. He glanced suspiciously at the one armed man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said politely, but reaching as he did so for his revolver underneath the counter, "but there are two stones missing. I have you taken them?" He made this inquiry with hesitation.

The one armed man looked the clerk squarely in the eye. "You are quite right to be careful," he said pleasantly, "but I did not take the stones. How many were there before?"

The clerk told him. "I think," returned the man, "we will count them together, then."

They did so. They found the tally right. There was none missing. The man was right and the clerk was wrong. He apologized profusely, but the one armed man took no offense whatever at the incident. He received his diamond and his change and spent several minutes chatting about diamond robberies and safeguards against them and then went his way.

"Queer thing happened then," called the clerk to another. It came near telling that swell that he was a thief, thought that he took a couple of brilliants. I counted 'em wrong and told him that he must have 'em. He said he hadn't. Then I counted 'em over again and found 'em all right. And he wasn't mad about it either."

"Are you sure they're right now?" returned the other, an older man. "Let me see the tray."

The tray was produced. Before it reached the counter the old man seized the two largest diamonds it contained and held them to the light.

"Done, by George!" he exclaimed. "These are made of glass; that's all."

"Sneakers" Kelly, the crack plain clothes man at headquarters, was put on the case at once.

"I've heard of this fellow," he announced to the jewelry firm. "He's a new proposition and a slick one at that, I understand, and there have been a good many complaints about him. We haven't been able to make a touch as yet. I'll see what I can do, but I guess it's best for you to charge the thing up to profit and loss right now. Even if I overhaul the man it's ten to one I won't get the stones. I'll do my best, though, gentlemen."

That happened in Chicago. In January of the next year, on a cold, crisp day, two prosperous looking men stood almost side by side in a fashionable jewelry store.

One of them was dressed in furs and wore rich jewels. He was a showy man, with a red face. This was "Sneakers" Kelly of Chicago.

The other man was a man of grave appearance. He wore a gray beard and his hair was tinged with white. By his appearance he was an aristocrat—probably the president of a bank. In his left hand he held a fur mitten—only one. His right was clothed in a light colored suede glove. He was buying diamonds.

Kelly watched this man closely—more closely than did the clerk. Finally the clerk handed out a few small bills and a small white packet and he left. As he did so Kelly followed him. When they reached the sidewalk Kelly touched him on the arm. The man glanced at him but once, and then swinging around suddenly struck Kelly in the head with his right hand. It was hard as iron. Kelly was stunned. He reeled and fell. When he came to, the other man was about to enter a carriage which stood at the curb. The carriage started off, but before the door was shut Kelly had succeeded in seizing that right false arm with a tight and unrelenting grip. The man beat him about the face with the other hand and the coach went faster and faster, but Kelly clung desperately to the hand, his feet dragging upon the street below.

Suddenly as they swung around a corner, there were a slap and a jerk and Kelly fell, face downward on the pavement. It was late in the afternoon and dark and no one had noticed what had happened. Kelly lay for a moment, but soon recovered and scrambled to his feet, just in time to avoid being run down by a heavy truck.

And as he rose he grasped something tightly in his arms. This object he bore to a brilliantly lighted window and examined it.

"By George, that's clever," mused Kelly to himself, "and now he'll have to get a new one! First blood for me."

Limping, he wended his way back to the store from which he had started. "Look here," he exclaimed to the clerk, after he had made known his identity, "hold out your hand."

The clerk did so. The detective held forth a long false arm and pulled a wire that protruded from its upper end. As he did so from a recess in the artificial palm there were released three gems, among the largest in the house. They were genuine. The clerk on examination of the tray found that three spurious stones had been substituted in their place.

Kelly and the clerk examined the arm. It was made largely of wood, but with a hollow iron chamber below the elbow and a hollow hand. A series of wires ran from the hand all the way through the arm. These wires evidently were controlled by the other hand or the feet, and it was these that had snapped when Kelly clung to the artificial member on the carriage step.

On pulling one of these wires Kelly found that a slot in the hand opened and closed, thus scooping up whatever lay beneath it. On pulling another he found that it would release one, two or more spurious gems in place of the purloined genuine stones. Of these spurious gems they found a dozen or so, but no more genuine stones were found. Evidently the thief secreted each stone immediately.

It was the most complete contrivance that Kelly had ever seen for any kind of thievery.

But Kelly was sore—sore in mind and body. He vowed an unholy vow in most unholy language that he would have that one armed man's scalp inside of a month at the outside. He was not satisfied with the man's arm. He wanted more. Kelly was one of those people who are never satisfied.

Two weeks later in a large jewelry house in a down east metropolis an old lady in a Quaker bonnet stood and adjusted her spectacles and examined some diamond earrings. She was plainly but richly dressed. Her real name was "Sneakers" Kelly.

Contrasting with this aged woman and within a foot or so of her there stood a tall young man with a black mustache. There was a ruddy, healthy color upon his face. He said with some embarrassment that he was buying an engagement ring. He bent over a tray containing an assortment. The old lady was so close to him that she almost touched him.

Suddenly she gripped him by the arm and yelled to the clerk. "This man's a thief!" she cried in shrill tones. "Close the doors!"

The clerk hastily drew back the tray of rings. Several other men ran up. Somebody closed the doors.

Then they inspected the tray of diamonds. Sure enough, two rings were missing. None, however, had been substituted in their stead.

The young man uttered not a word. He only looked surprised. He had made no resistance and no outcry.

The old woman, however, was excited. She pushed back her bonnet from her face.

"He's got 'em!" she exclaimed. "He's got 'em in his arm. It's hollow. Make him take it off. They're in there, I tell you, and you'll find 'em."

The young man smiled, but protested feebly.

"Gentlemen," he began, "true it is my misfortune to have but one arm, and true that I wear a false one, but I did not take your stones, I assure you."

The old woman violently shook her head. "You make him take off that arm," she commanded. "It's the greatest thing you ever saw. It's hollow, and it's got your diamonds in it. Make him take it off."

The young man looked around upon the ring and then he smiled again. "There," he replied, "there's but one way to prove my innocence."

He removed his coat, rolled up his sleeve, unbuckled a strap or two and pulled off the arm. They gathered round and examined it, especially the old lady.

It was not hollow—not by a long shot. It was an ordinary false arm, made of solid cork.

When they were satisfied that it was nothing else, the young man replaced it and donned his coat again.

"Gentlemen," he continued, looking hard at the old woman, "I am no man's accuser or no woman's either, but these stones were missed when both of us—the old lady and myself—stood at this counter. There is a bare possibility," he continued, with a grin, "a bare possibility that she has the stones herself. And if I am not mistaken I saw her put something in that bag. You might examine it if you will."

The bag in question was one which hung at the old lady's side. They examined it, and they found—oh, nothing much, save the two missing diamond rings; that's all.

"Now, gentlemen," added the young man, "unless I am again mistaken this old lady is not what she seems to be. Let us investigate once more." He reached over and deftly pulled from her head the Quaker hat and an old gray wig. There stood revealed the grizzled countenance of "Sneakers" Kelly, the detective.

The clerks bounced upon him and bore him to the station house, the nearest one. There he was kept for two days, until a Chicago special could be sent on to recognize and identify him for the man he really was.

But on the way down to the station the young man with the false arm somehow disappeared. Before he did so, however, he stepped up and said a word to Kelly.

"Kelly," he explained in a low voice, "next time you must give a fellow time to get a new arm made. Arms of my pet brand don't grow on trees, you know."

And then he went.

What's Before Them.

"These young society buds are mere butterflies," said the Rev. Mr. Strait-lace. "They have no thought of the future life."

"Of the future life?" replied Miss Innit. "Oh, but they do! Matrimony is always in their thoughts."—Exchange.

The Rule Suited Him.

The new boarder had been three weeks in the house. "It is usual," said the landlady, with great delicacy, "for my boarders to pay as they go."

"Oh, that's all right," he replied affably. "I'm not going for a long time."

Sounded Like It.

"What is that piece you are playing? Is it by Wagner?"

"No; the piano is out of tune."—Brooklyn Times.

With the Persians the writing of poetry and beautiful and witty sayings is described as the "threading of pearls."

A NAVAL ACADEMY DAY.

The Rigid Routine That Rules the Middies' Waking Hours.

Let us look for a moment at the division of time in a week in the academy. The morning gun awakens the young midshipman at 6 o'clock. He has thirty-five minutes to dress and appear for roll call. When this is over he and his comrades march at once to breakfast. It is then about twenty minutes before 7 o'clock. After breakfast a short prayer is offered by the chaplain. The meal is over by 7:30, and then there is the sick call. Twenty minutes later the midshipmen must be in their rooms ready to go to their first recitation. At 7:55 they form and march to their classes in squads. At 8 o'clock they are called to order in their classrooms.

The actual work of the day has begun, early, and there has been no lagging or loafing. At the Naval academy the midshipmen are trained to walk with a quick step and at a lively gait. The men in the class squads—from six to twelve each—march two abreast and in close formation. It does not take them long to go from one building to another. For each midshipman there are three recitation periods of two hours each. Half of each period is devoted to study, half to actual recitation in class. The first period is from 8 to 10 o'clock in the morning, the second period from 10:15 to 12:15 o'clock and the third period from 2 o'clock to 4 in the afternoon. Between 12:15 and 2 o'clock the midshipmen eat their dinner and have a few minutes afterward for rest. At 4 o'clock all the class work is over, but not the work of the day, for then comes the call to drill.

Drill lasts an hour and a half, and it is work, too, for the naval officer must know thoroughly the infantry and artillery practice of the soldier as well as his own particular branch of the profession of being ready to fight. When his task is over at 5:30 the midshipman has an hour and a half of recreation. This is the plaything of the day. The boys are then on the athletic field engaged in football or baseball practice, depending on the time of the year; sailing in cutters on the harbor or indulging in other amusements that they may choose. But during that hour they are still under the rules governing general conduct.

When 6:55 comes the men are called to supper, and at 7:30 the midshipmen must be in their rooms again and at their books. The study period is two hours long. There is a half hour's relaxation before bedtime, during which the young men may visit each other's rooms, but at 10 o'clock all lights must be out.

For five days in the week this is the unvarying routine, with the exception of two hours' liberty Wednesday afternoon for the first class. On Saturday and Sunday there is a change. Varying with the length of time which they have spent in the academy, liberty is granted to all midshipmen on these two days of the week. The members of all four classes are permitted to leave the grounds after the roll call to dinner, but they must return before the formation for supper. After the supper call the members of the first and second classes have permission to go again beyond the academic limits, but they are required to be back by 9:30. They may or may not eat their supper at the academy mess, as they desire, but they must always report for roll call. In this way the authorities of the institution keep a finger on them.—Leslie's Weekly.

BOOTH'S DRAWING POWERS.

The Famous Tragedian Was a Star Money Maker.

A retired theater manager said the other day: "It is not generally known that Edwin Booth received 50 per cent of the gross receipts of his performances while under the management of Messrs. Brooks & Dixon. There never was a star on the stage who could draw the money that Booth could to a theater. There were no spasms about his business. It was as steady as Gibraltar. We could bank on it. Out of their half of the receipts Brooks & Dixon paid the rent for theaters, paid the salaries of the company, the railroad and hotel bills and the advertising throughout the country and made big profits, which they shared with Horace McVicker, to whom Booth intrusted his affairs at the start and who afterward associated himself with Brooks & Dixon.

"Booth's agreement with Henry E. Abbey was this: After all expenses of every description were paid Booth got 85 per cent and Abbey 15. Booth lost a week in Philadelphia owing to the death of his wife. The company was put in there without him, and we had to indemnify the local manager. Our loss that week was $4,000. Deducting that, Abbey's profits on the season were $30,000. I do not know any star, save Booth, who ever commanded 50 per cent of the gross receipts."—New York Press.

An Impromptu Explanation.

The learned Porson was staying at one time with a well known canon of Ely named Jeremiah King. One day at dinner, when they had got into discussion upon questions of etymology, Porson gave a derivation which King considered to be so farfetched as to be quite ridiculous. "You might as well say," said King, "that my name is connected with cucumber." Possibly there was a cucumber on the table. "And so it is," said Porson. "How so?" asked King. "Why, thus: *Jeremiah King*, by contraction Jerry King; Jerry King, by contraction and metathesis Gherkin, and gherkin, we know, is a cucumber pickled."

Her Method.

Stella—So she married him to reform him? How did she begin?

Bella—By spending a lot of money. You know how hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.—Harper's Bazar.

A Cause For Worry.

A man may go along fur fifty years an' not be worried much about de hereafter, but de minit de barber finds a bald spot on his head he's got a burden to carry th' do rest of his days.—Detroit Free Press.

EMERSON'S PROSE STYLE.

Held to Be Lacking in the Quality of Writers Called Masters.

What shall be said of Emerson's prose? Was Matthew Arnold right when, as an experienced critic calmly judging the favorite author of his youth, he denied that the "Essays," the lectures and "English Traits" formed a body of prose of sufficient merit to entitle Emerson to be ranked as a great man of letters? It seems as if the time had come for Emerson's countrymen frankly to accept this verdict. Because of deficiencies, both of style and of romance, Emerson does not belong to the small class of the great masters of prose. His style, despite the fact that "Nature" and many of the essays contain pages of eloquent prose almost equal in power and beauty to noble poetry, was nearly always that of the lecturer or preacher rather than that of the writer. He too frequently lost the note of distinction and was content if he satisfied his ear from exigent audiences. In diction, to be sure, he was a conscious and consummate master, and it need scarcely be said that few writers have surpassed him in the ability to compose a pregnant sentence. But, as is generally admitted and as is shown by his practice of piecing his notes together, he was rarely able to evolve a paragraph, much more a whole essay, in a masterly or even in a workmanlike fashion. It may be granted that critics have overemphasized his lack of coherence, that there is more logical unity in his essays than appears on first reading, that "English Traits" and the later volumes are far from being mere strings of "orphic sayings," but the fact seems to remain that the prose style of Emerson from first to last lacks the firmness, the compass, the precision, the flexibility, the individuality we demand of the prose writers whom we denominate masters.—Professor Trent in Bookman.

MIGHTY TREES OF SIERRA.

Greatest in Size of All Creations of the Living World.

During all the ages nature has favored the growth of forests on the Pacific mountains, providing the peculiar conditions which make them far different from, greater in size, more luxuriant, than any other in the world. Of all the creations of the living world none is so great in size, so majestic in presence, as the mighty trees of the Sierra and the Cascades. For here the air is always fertile with moisture, clouds blown in from the Pacific ocean rest among the mountain summits, even crowning the tops of the trees themselves, and here discharge their rain. The soil is deep and spongy with centuries of decomposing vegetable matter, furnishing an unequaled nurturing place for vegetation, and there are no extremes of heat in summer or depths of cold in winter, says the Century Magazine.

Every condition has been favorable to unexampled exuberance of growth not only of the largest trees, but of all manner of undergrowth, vine, shrub and brake. A huge tree falls, decays and is yellowed with thick moss. Immediately scores of young firs and cedars spring up along the top of it—the first chance of a bare spot in the wood. Old burned stumps, gathering soil in their hollow interiors, are nurseries for colonies of young trees, some strong individual finally shouldering out the others, growing larger, and, as the mother stump drops away, sending its roots downward into the earth through the disintegrating textures until it in time becomes a great tree.

PISCATORY STUPIDITY.

The Fish's Capacity For Learning Is Painfully Contracted.

Most fishes seek their food by sight, says Professor Edmund Clark Sanford in the International Quarterly, and these do not usually notice it by any other sense. But those that are accustomed to find it by smell seldom pay any attention to it when they merely see it.

Catfish depend principally on the sense of taste, and they seem to taste all over, not only in the mouth, but by the outer skin as far back as the tail fin.

It is uncertain whether fishes can feel pain or not. There is a good deal of evidence to show that they cannot.

A fish that has lost its sight may learn to avoid an obstacle after swimming against it a single time, but fishes that can see will jump against the plate glass wall of an aquarium day after day, sometimes for a year, in the effort to catch things outside.

The elements of consciousness in the mind of a fish rest up a total equivalent, perhaps, to the lowest idiocy when measured by human standards. It is possible that the fish's capacity for learning is "about on a level with that of a man in deep sleep or preoccupation."

Birds That Exercise Ingenuity.

Birds building on high trees are not so wary about the concealment of their nests as hedge builders and those that seek the springing corn or grass land for the shelter of their homes, trusting to the loftiness of situation for security. A nest placed upon the ground is in constant danger of exposure. A browsing animal might destroy it. Then the scythe with one sweep occasionally lays bare one or more nests, thereby endangering the eggs or callow nestlings. This renders the parent birds very wary and causes them to practice great ingenuity in their efforts to protect the young birds.

The skylark has been known to carry its egg or offspring to a place of safety after an exposure of the nest, and it has been said its long hind claw—the use of which has puzzled many naturalists—is specially adapted by nature for more easily grasping and transporting its treasures from the source of danger. When the young birds are too bulky to be thus removed the parent bird carries them on its back, though this mode of removal is a somewhat difficult one.—London Tit-Bits.

When a great calamity befalls one, how it lightens it to talk about it after it is over!—Atchison Globe.

HEROIC SELF SACRIFICE.

Courage With Which a Young Naval Officer Greeted Death.

"Speaking of heroism," said a navy officer at his club a few evenings ago, "it is rare that such an example is seen as that of Hynson, who was a passed midshipman at Vera Cruz in 1846. It was really more than a bit of heroism; it was fortitude, passive courage, that confronted a peculiar danger, a self sacrifice, that was most conspicuous.

"Our fleet was off the harbor on blockade duty when one day a Spanish merchant vessel managed to slip in without being discovered. Hynson conceived the idea of capturing the vessel by a night attack, and he succeeded in doing so. But as he could not take the vessel out of harbor, for the reason that she was under the close range of the enemy's guns, Hynson set fire to the vessel. In doing so he burned both his arms so badly that he carried them in slings for several days. While in this disabled condition a terrific squall came up and played havoc with several of our little vessels, and the one on which Hynson was serving was capsized. Hynson and one of the other officers managed to get hold of a floating spar, but as it was not sufficient to keep them both afloat Hynson let go his hold and in a few moments sank to his death."—New York Tribune.

Englishmen on Mrs. Carlyle Saw Her.

In the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" is the following quaint and caustic comment on Taglioni:

"I saw a very curious sight the other night, the only one I have been to for a long time—viz, some thousands of the grandest and most cultivated people in England, all gazing in ecstasy and applauding to death over a woman, not even pretty, balancing herself on the extreme point of one great toe and stretching the other foot high into the air, much higher than decency ever dreamt of. It was Taglioni, our chief dancer at the opera, and this is her chief feat, repeated over and over to weariness—at least to my weariness. But duchesses were flinging bouquets at her feet, and not a man, except Carlyle, who did not seem disposed to fling himself. I counted twenty-five bouquets! But what of that? The empress of all the Russias once in a fit of enthusiasm flung her diamond bracelet at the feet of this same Taglioni—'virtue its own reward' (in this world)? Dancing is and singing and some other things still more frivolous. But for virtue? It may be strongly doubted, as Edinburgh people say to everything one tells them."

Policemen of the Seas.

Revenue cutters are the policemen of the high seas. They have regular beats to patrol along the coast, looking for vessels in distress, suppressing smuggling, illicit seal hunting and mutinies. They also enforce quarantine regulations, examine ships' papers, supply lighthouses and act as life savers, ambulance corps, fire department and messenger boys generally for the government at sea.

The first revenue cutters were built at the order of Alexander Hamilton when he was secretary of the treasury, and except in war time, when they are subject to the authority of the navy, they are still under treasury department orders. Strange to say, however, it is in times of peace that revenue cutters fight their hardest battles. They save many lives and property that is estimated at many millions yearly. Their name gives little idea of the great and varied service they render the country.

He Met His Match.

The Russian marshal Suvaroff was famous as a jester and was fond of confusing the men under his command by asking them unexpected and absurd questions. But occasionally he met his match. Thus, one bitter January night, such as Russia only can produce, he rode up to a sentry and demanded:

"How many stars are there in the sky?"

The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered coolly:

"Wait a little, and I'll tell you." And he deliberately commenced counting, "One, two, three," etc.

When he had reached 100, Suvaroff, who was half frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without inquiring the name of the ready reckoner. Next day the latter found himself promoted.

Peculiar Twins.

A Harlem mother who has twins and is perforce obliged to study the peculiarities of the species affirms that never has she punished one of them—they are both boys—for a misdeed but that the other committed the identical offense at the very first opportunity.

Moreover, if one asks a question, especially in regard to an unusual happening, in the absence of the other his brother almost invariably repeats the query and very frequently in the same phraseology.

Her twins are not bad boys, but the mother says that she is satisfied of the fact that twins require as much attention and make as much noise as four ordinary children.—New York Times.

Wounds of the Heart.

In wounds of the heart itself the escape of blood is never in large quantity, and the lethal consequences are due to the fact that the escape of blood from within its cavity or cavities into the surrounding sac of the pericardium mechanically interrupts the alternate contraction and expansion by which its pumping action is maintained. Accordingly the results of the wound of the heart are usually identical with those of gradual suffocation.—American Medicine.

Absence.

"We are here today," said the solemn looking man with a thin neck and a collar three sizes too large for him, "and gone tomorrow."

"That's right," agreed the dyspeptic looking man with the ivory, black cigar, "and when we get back six months later some of our best friends want to know where we've been for the last two weeks."—Puck.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

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LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. G. B. Mayo, notary public.

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All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

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PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 10 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 308-B.

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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
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Office over D. C. Young's store.
Bell 'phone at house and store.
Office Hours: 10-12 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-8 p. m.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
D. R. McDONALD, Proprietor.
Larabee, Penn'a,
First-class in every respect.
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, refurnished and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find
Just What You Want.
All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.
Chas. Lemmler,
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MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, scientific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

A new house or repairing an old one? If you are we have everything you need and would like to give you prices.

CEMENT,
LIME,
WALL PLASTER,
BRICK,
DOORS, WINDOWS, &C.,
LUMBER,
SEWER PIPE, LAND TILE,
SHINGLES AND ALL THE REST.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 13, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—All kinds of photo mounts at this office.

—J. Colegrove advertises Chase & Sanborn's coffee this week.

—The 16th Regt. Pa. Vols. held a reunion at Monarch Park, Oil City, on Friday last.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have an interesting change of advertisement in this issue. Read it.

—The Bonton & Gallup well on Parsons at Sartwell is reported as doing 5 barrels.—Eldred Eagle.

—Some snaps in ladies' petticoats are offered by F. G. Lindholm & Co. in their advertisement this week.

—The East Smethport ball team defeated the Clermont team at the latter place on Sunday. Score 4 to 7.

—The Bradford Sunday Herald claims that T. W. Cole of Bradford is the oldest person in the county. He is 98 years of age.

—Harry F. Bosler, a popular druggist of Eldred and Mrs. Rena Felton of Buffalo were united in marriage at Portville, N. Y., on Wednesday of last week.

—At Harrisburg Judge Jacobs, in an opinion handed down, holds that a man can lock his door and prevent service of a legal process as long as he is in his own home.

—In Paris, France, the other day a child was born in an automobile while the mother was being taken to a hospital. This is the first birth in an automobile on record.

—Jeffries and Corbett will fight for the championship for the world and a large purse at San Francisco to-morrow night. Betting seems to favor Jeffries, the present champion.

—George Shepard has purchased the interest of Bert Shurtz in the Sartwell House livery at Port Allegany. The firm is now Shepard & Rifle. Mr. Shepard's family will remain in Smethport until next spring any way.

—They are offering $50 to $60 a month for school teachers in Fayette county, and not getting enough of them at that. There is a prospect that in some counties a number of schools will be closed unless more teachers can be had.

—The ceremony of the coronation of Pope Pius X took place Sunday in the basilica of St. Peter's in the presence of the princes and high dignitaries of the church, diplomats and Roman nobles, and with all the solemnity and splendor associated with this, the most magnificent rite in the Roman Catholic church.

—An exchange says: A postoffice project is said to be the introduction of the "telephone stamp." A letter bearing such a stamp authorizes the postmaster to break the seal and transmit the contents by telephone to the person to whom it is addressed.

—George Waddell's right to the title of "king of pitchers" is beyond dispute. The Butler boy has participated in twenty-nine of the games the Athletics have played since the base ball season opened in April and during that time he has retired no less than 220 men on strikes. The record is without parallel. Waddell was born on Jackson avenue, this city.—Bradford Era.

Why Should We Work?

Work is activity in some phase of our life. Life is manifested in activity, and inactivity would be stagnation, which would be fatal to life.

In the universe wherever there is life there is activity. This is true in the vegetable, the animal and the human worlds. This activity is a necessity which runs through all organic life. The life that is not crowned with ennobling work of some kind, either for one's own livelihood or for the good of others, is an empty life—an abnormal life.

Work is natural; idleness unnatural. Work builds up, and inactivity tears down. Idleness is a violation of our being. Hence it is unmoral.

There are manifold reasons why we should work and no reason why we should not. Those who are not obliged to labor for their daily bread should choose work of some kind in obedience to the universal law that we see running all creation.

He who was of the opinion that "the man who does not work should not eat" realized the demoralizing influence of a life spent in idleness.—American Queen.

A Nickname For Barrett.

Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, was subject to dyspepsia, and when he was suffering from that disorder he was cold and distant toward his company. One irreverent fellow always refused, however, to be suppressed. He said one day: "Just look at Cassius. He looks as solemn and righteous as if he'd swallowed the sword of justice. Let's call him the Scabbard." And the Scabbard he was—out of his hearing—for the rest of that season.

An Explanation.

"What I want," said the coy maid of more or less uncertain years, "is a hat that will suit my complexion."

"Oh," exclaimed the milliner, with sudden inspiration. "I have a hand painted hat in the window that I'm sure will be just what you want."—Chattanooga News.

Disappointed.

He—I hear that your engagement is broken.

Femina—Yes; he acted horribly.

He—But I thought that you broke it?

Femina—So I did, but he made absolutely no fuss about it.—Yale Record.

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY

There will be a donation in the hall this week Friday evening, proceeds to apply on Rev. Sprague's salary. A good time is expected.

There will be a dance at the home of Samuel Southwick on the evening of Aug. 21st and everybody is cordially invited to be present.

Mrs. Frank Caldwell has returned home from Bradford where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. Warner.

B. A. Rice, the baggagemaster on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was calling on Valley friends last Thursday.

Miss Marie McGill was calling on her sister, Mrs. A. Hoffman, of Port Allegany last Wednesday.

A number of our people will take in the excursion to Portage Falls on Sunday, August 23d.

Miss Lena Meisel of Clermont has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Steinhauer and family.

Mrs. A. Reed spent last Sunday with her son Frank and family of Clermont.

Ernest Tanner of Bradford was greeting friends in this place Saturday.

Frank McGill and George Irons were in Coleville Sunday.

Looked Like Her Father's Work.

A certain surgeon had three leg amputation cases in a week. The unusual number of serious and similar operations naturally caused talk in the surgeon's household, and his little daughter was greatly interested. A few days after the last operation the surgeon's wife and daughter were rummaging in the attic. In a trunk was found a daguerreotype depicting a girl of about eight years of age. The portrait, through a peculiarity of pose showed only one leg of the subject, the other being doubled up under her in a manner truly feminine.

"Whose picture is that, mamma?" asked the surgeon's daughter.

"Mine. It was taken when I was a child not much older than you are now."

"Did you know papa then?"

"No, dear. Why do you ask?"

"I thought, maybe, you did 'cause you've only got one leg."

The Mast Made His Coffin.

The Macedonian was sent to the Brooklyn navy yard to have a new mast put into her. Old Jack Study bossed the yard then, and Captain Hudson was commandant. When the job was finished and the ship was about to sail Jack called on the commandant. "Captain," he said, "I've axed you few favors in my time, but I'm goin' to bother you with one now. When old Jack goes to Davy Jones' locker he wants you to send him below in a box made out of that old mast. Will you do it, sir?" The captain promised. Old Jack died not long afterward, and Hudson was as good as his word. The mast was cut down and sawed into boards, and the honest soul was buried in a coffin made of them.

Too Tempting.

Miss Arabella Paxton had long since said goodby to her youth, but nobody had accused her of doing it with resignation.

"What were you thinking of to start Cousin Arabella off in that merry-go-round?", asked Mrs. Jennings at the county fair. She had just received her dizzy and dishevelled relative at the end of a trip on the flying horses.

"You needn't look so severe at me," said Mr. Jennings reproachfully when Cousin Arabella had been deposited on a settee and left to recover her equilibrium. "She heard a woman say the machine was enough to scare anybody out of ten years' growth, and after that she was possessed to ride in it."

Queer Way to Display a Trousseau.

An Arabian bride is arrayed in all her dresses, one over the other. She is perched on a high stool, so that they all hang down over it, and one by one they are taken off with much display and admiring comment from the guests. The last is, of course, the most beautiful. The bridegroom is hidden in some corner where he can see his future wife's dowry, which, however, he may not touch.

Servian Cruelty.

The Servians have long been notorious for the cruelty exercised by them in the punishment of political prisoners. They are confined in subterranean cells, with just enough air to keep them alive. The fortress at Belgrade contains a deep well, dating back to Roman times, which is believed to contain the skeletons of many of these prisoners.

Bullets and Botany.

A correspondent tells the London News that being at Palling, in Norfolk, he asked permission of a local marsh owner to walk over his meadows. "What for?" he wanted to know. "Oh, to do a little botanizing," was the reply. There was a pause while the landowner scratched his head. Then, slowly and suspiciously, "Not with a gun?"

Fixed.

Super—No, sir, the ghost hasn't walked for two weeks.

Crittick—I saw the leading man with a wad today. He must have got his salary.

Super—Oh, yes; he's the star.

Crittick—What you might call a "fixed" star, eh?—Philadelphia Ledger.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

The First Post Horses.

The first posts are said to have originated in the regular couriers established by Cyrus about 550 B. C., who erected post houses throughout the kingdom of Persia. Augustus was the first to introduce this institution among the Romans, 31 B. C., and he was imitated by Charlemagne about 800 A. D. Louis XI. was the first sovereign to establish post houses in France owing to his eagerness for news, and they were also the first institution of this nature in Europe. This was in 1470, or about 2,000 years after they were started in Persia.

In England in the reign of Edward IV. (1481) riders on post horses went stages of the distance of twenty miles from each other in order to procure the king the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war that had arisen with the Scots. A proclamation was issued by Charles I. in 1631 that, "whereas to this time there hath been no certain intercourse between the kingdoms of England and Scotland, the king now commands his postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two between Edinburgh and London to go thither and come back again in six days."

Helter Skelter.

"Helter skelter" has been suggestively defined as a jingling expression, vaguely imitating the hurried clatter of feet rapidly and irregularly moved. Most dictionaries, however, led astray, probably by the ordinary orthography, have missed the true etymology of this phrase. It should be "helter kelter."

"Helter" is an old word for "hang," probably connected with halter, and "kelter" is used by old writers in the sense of "order" or the proper state. Thus Barrow, the divine, says, "If the organs of prayer be out of kelter how can we pray?"

"Helter skelter," therefore, is literally "hang order" and means, "Oh, hang order; let us do it, or let it take its chance." Ben Jonson in "Every Man In His Humor" writes, "Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat," and Shakespeare, using it to express rush and hurry, says, "Helter skelter have I rode to thee."

Understood His Art.

Baron von Steuben was the drillmaster of the Continental army at Valley Forge. At first the men in the ranks did not know the manual exercise; many of the officers knew little or nothing of maneuvering. One of the latter turned out for inspection in a dressing gown. "Himmel und erde!" cried the baron. "What kind of creature is this?" Baron von Steuben was choleric and profane, but he understood his art. He swore at the ragged Continentals in both German and French, but he taught them the value of drill and discipline. When he had exhausted all the French and German oaths he knew he would roar to his aid, "Come here, Herr Hauptmann, and help me curse these blockheads." But he turned the undisciplined militia into well drilled troops. Never again was the enemy able to laugh at "Mr. Washington's rotten regiments of ragamuffins."

Burial by Degrees.

The few old ex-slaves now left in the West Indies have many curious customs, but the most curious is that of burying themselves on the instalment plan. When they comb their hair they are careful not to pull more hairs from the head than they can help. Those which come away they roll into a ball and put into a bag of white muslin. They do the same with the parings of their nails and any other portions of their anatomy which become detached. When the bag is full they bury it. If asked why they do this they reply: "When me dead, massa, you burn me body. Me hair am part of me body, so me bury it now when it dead."

A Test.

"He has been mentioned as a candidate for office very frequently."

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel. "The only trouble is that every time anybody mentions him the other fellers laugh."—Washington Star.

His Opinion.

"Yes, he's a confirmed bachelor. He thinks there is safety in numbers."

"Safety in numbers?"

"Yes. He says two run a good deal of risk when they become one."—New York Times.

The burnished plumage of the peacock owes its brilliancy and splendor to a healthful condition. Let the bird be sickly, and the plumage droops and grows dull. There is no exception in nature to the rule that beauty depends on health.

Women who see their beauty waning rarely associate the external change with failure of the womanly health. They do not understand the close relation of the general physical health to the health of the delicate womanly organism, until after being cured of womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they find the color returning to the cheek and the flesh to the body.

"Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"Several years ago I was very poorly," writes Mrs. May Kelley, of Sylvia, Kans., "so weak I could hardly walk across the floor, and at times suffered severely. I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and got well and hardy—gained twelve pounds in two months and was the picture of health. Your medicines have cured me. Almost everybody I meet says, 'You look so much better than you have for several years; you look well now.'"

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a lady's laxative. Nothing equals them for gentleness and thoroughness.

"Goff-Nuts"

A New Substitute for Coffee.

Made from good ground ground-nuts, buttered horter-nuts, and selected hips, haws and paw-paws, mixed with crisp, sweet flakes of Tikachewa, the modern brain-food. The very latest production of the Insanitarium. Boiled for 24 hours, it cannot be distinguished from Roastem, Hikalika, Coffeyetta, Hip-yip or Library Paste. Makes sick men well, well men sick and dead men thankful. Why eat real food when there is more money in substitutes?

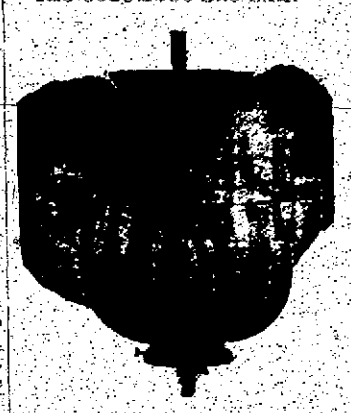
However, if your imagination is inactive, and you prefer genuine coffee straight from the tree, Drink "C. & S. coffee." At

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right. We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

Brasted's ICE CREAM By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 13, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

ON Saturday General S. B. M. Young took the command of the United States army, vice General Nelson A. Miles, retired.

A TERRIFIC storm swept over the island of Martinique on Saturday last and thousands of people are left homeless as a result.

THE Austin Republican is stirring up considerable newspaper debate on the Socialist question among the newspapers in Potter county.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON, former Vice President, announces that he is out of politics. The news in this is that he supposed such an announcement necessary.—Buffalo Express.

HE that taketh the sword shall perish with the sword and he that setteth himself up in business with his tongue shall be pushed down by his tongue. Poor Bryan!—Philadelphia Record (Dem.)

TWO sections of Wallace Brothers' circus train ran into each other near Durand, Mich., early Friday morning. Nineteen people were killed and injured. Much damage was done to the circus property.

PITTSBURG appears to have a sure enough reform administration. The Mayor has just broken up a gambling den in one of the rooms of the City Hall where games had been going on rather openly for some time.

THE Hearst boom for president on the Democratic ticket will be launched in Washington to-night. He would make as good a candidate as any other Democrat and could do no more harm to the prosperity of the country.

IT is reported that Secretary Root will tender his resignation as Secretary of War in the near future. Governor Taft is spoken of as the man who will fill the vacancy. However, it is not expected that the resignation will take effect until Dec. 1.

A HORRIBLE railroad disaster occurred in Paris, France, Monday evening. An underground railroad train caught fire and many were burned to death or suffocated by the smoke before they could reach daylight and the fresh air. At present 90 are known to be dead and it is feared many more met this terrible fate.

THE Democratic county committee met at the court house Tuesday afternoon and selected delegates to the State convention and fixed the date for the Democratic county convention. Charles Fitz-Gibbons, James Paul and Tom M. McClellan were chosen delegates and Tuesday, Sept. 22, was the date fixed for the convention.

THE new Pope is a man of the people in more ways than one. He is said to wear a nickel watch with a silk guard and to have frequently pawned a ring in Venice to raise money for charitable purposes. Such a man would naturally rebel against unnecessary formality, and this may be the foundation for the report that he will abolish much of the formality heretofore prominent at the Vatican.—Philadelphia Press.

THE Democrats of McKean county have not yet found a candidate for the position of District Judge. They would exercise excellent judgment by endorsing the candidacy of Judge Bouton. He will be elected whether they do this or not—so what's the use of kicking? Some of their leaders eloquently declaim and proclaim that the Democrats should never mix with any other party in their campaigning. Yet a few years ago fusion among these same Democratic leaders was a fad.—Bradford Era.

THE navy has two new rear admirals. Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, who was commander of the ill-fated Maine when she was blown up in the harbor of Havana, and Captain Colby M. Chester, superintendent of the United States naval observatory at Washington, were on Monday promoted to the grade of rear admiral on account of the retirement of Rear Admiral Geo. C. Remy, senior officer of his grade. Sigsbee stood at the top of the list of captains as an "extra member" having attained his rank because of meritorious services in the war with Spain. Under the law, his promotion takes up the next highest grade, the officer ranking next to him, who is Chester. It therefore follows that the retirement of Admiral Remy will create two new rear admirals instead of one as is usually the case.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10, 1903.

Reports received recently from Bogota to the effect that the Panama canal treaty will not be ratified without amendment, are causing the President and the friends of the Panama canal no little anxiety. President Roosevelt, as do most persons sincerely in favor of a canal and familiar with all the conditions, regards the Panama route as by odds the most desirable for an interoceanic canal and up to this time it has been believed that President Marroquint would find a way to effect the ratification of the treaty. It now appears that the representatives of the transcontinental railway companies have been doing yeoman's work in Bogota and have succeeded in persuading the Colombians that the treaty, as framed and ratified by the United States, will prove inimical to their interests. Of course the slightest amendment will necessitate the reconsideration by the United States Senate, which reconsideration will be attended with as great difficulty as was the ratification. Senator Morgan of Alabama declares that he has his guns primed for another battle and that he can talk even longer in opposition to the acceptance of the proposed amendments than he did in opposition to the original ratification. As will be remembered only a special session with nothing to prevent its lasting all summer served to discourage the veteran Alabamian last spring and he will be quick to appreciate that with a Presidential campaign in prospect Congress would be unwilling to prolong the approaching session for the sake of a dozen canals. The Senator from Alabama also claims to have secured even greater support than he had last spring and in view of this dubious prospect the President and the officials of the State Department are much discouraged.

Senator Aldrich and his colleagues on the subcommittee of the committee on Finance are again in session, this time at Providence, and will probably complete the financial bill which will be reported to the full committee and to the Senate early next session. Speculation is rife as to the provisions of the measure which will be framed at Providence, but it would have been difficult to select four members of the Senate who are closer mouthed and it is doubtful if anything more than conjecture will be published regarding the actual wording of the measure before Congress convenes. Of course it is known that in a general way Senator Aldrich and his fellow members of the committee favor the provisions of the former Aldrich bill, but, on the other hand, it is known that they would meet with considerable opposition in the House and the problem which the sub-committee will have to consider will be the extent to which the original Aldrich bill can be modified with a view to disarming the opposition of the lower chamber.

General Miles, after a long and honorable career in the army of the United States, retired from active service last Saturday, having reached the age limit, 64 years. In bidding farewell to the army, of which he has been the "General commanding" for eight years, General Miles issued a patriotic and eloquent valedictory which was distributed as "general order 179." Immediately on the retirement of General Miles the President appointed General S. B. M. Young to succeed him. This appointment was the occasion of sincere disappointment to many of General Miles' friends who had hoped that he might have the honor of being the last "general commanding," that position going out of existence on August 15, when the new law providing for a general staff goes into effect. General Young will become chief of staff, a position analogous to that of general commanding, and will doubtless occupy that position until he retires, next January when he will be succeeded by General Chaffee.

The last general order issued by General Miles was one prohibiting the docking of the tails or mutilation in other manner of all army horses. This applies to the horses owned by officers, notwithstanding the fact that many officers buy and pay for their own mounts and it is believed that a general order to this effect will have a salutary result in curtailing the practice throughout the country. In this connection it is worthy of note that President Roosevelt has given his hearty sanction to a movement looking for the establishment of a non-combatant force to be detailed for duty with troops employing horses in battle, the duties of which force will be to put out of their misery horses so badly wounded as to be beyond recovery, and the further mission of affording prompt relief to those animals whose recovery may be looked for if their wounds are properly attended to. This subject will receive special attention at the Geneva convention which opens on September 14 and it is expected that an equine relief corps may as a result become a part of every army.

One of the most important results of the postoffice investigation will be the concerted attempt which will be made by officials of the administration to secure Congressional authority to completely reorganize the auditing service of the government. At present it is the custom to appoint an auditor for each department and in most instances such auditor is furnished offices in the department to which he is assigned. He is in no sense a subordinate of the Secretary of the Treasury. The new plan contemplates the erection of a building for the auditors immediately opposite the Treasury Department, with which it will be connected by a tunnel. There all auditors will be given office room and the condition will be to audit the accounts from a purely professional standpoint, unbiased by the environment of the department incurring the expenses. At present the auditor in each department has assumed powers out of all proportion to the original intention of the makers of the existing law and to that fact is ascribed some of the scandalous corruption in the postal investigation. This new move has the approval of all the secretaries of the treasury and of the President.

General Miles and His Services.

The entire country unites in appropriate congratulations to General Miles on the close of his military career, says the Philadelphia Press.

For two score years he has held his place among the foremost soldiers of his land. He won his way in the Civil War by sheer hard fighting. In four years he rose, at 25 years of age, to the command of an army corps. His dash, his unshrinking courage, his capacity for command and his military skill placed him among the very first of the young generals of the war of the rebellion.

This success and this reputation were justified by his services in Indian warfare. He conducted two difficult and trying struggles. Ready in resource and quick in action, while his commands were small, he handled his force so as to accomplish wide results. When General Sheridan said of one of his campaigns that he had done work with a few troops and companies for which an European commander would have required two army corps he did not overstate either the difficulty of the problem or General Miles' success.

At the head of the army General Miles has been a conspicuous and popular figure. If friction has now and then come and some of his acts have been open to criticism these things will take but a small place in the perspective of history when his services, his success and his sincere patriotism are summed, recorded and appreciated.

Wanted: 50 Men and Women

John W. Voorhees, the enterprising druggist, is advertising to-day for fifty men and women to take advantage of the special half-price offer he is making on Dr. Howard's celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia, and get a fifty cent package at half price, 25 cents.

So positive is he of the remarkable power of this specific to cure these diseases, as well as sick headaches and liver troubles, that he agrees to refund the money to any customer whom this medicine does not quickly relieve and cure.

If you cannot call at John W. Voorhees' store to-day, send him 25 cents by mail, and he will send you a package, promptly, charges paid.

Subscribe for the MINER.

WANTED:

Hardwood Timber Lands,

Apply to

W. A. PRESBY,
Purchasing Agent,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W DICKERSON.

Notice of Application for a Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Monday, the 31st day of August, A. D. 1903, by Burg Chadwick, Thomas F. Richmond and Sheridan Gorton, all of whom are residents of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, under the Act of Assembly, entitled "An act to Provide for the Incorporation and regulation of certain Incorporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Pasadena Medicine Company," the character and object of which is for the manufacture, compounding and sale of drugs and medicines, and of Proprietary, Copyrighted and patent medicines and remedies, and for those purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Solicitors.

Do you wear the J. K. shoes?

You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equal them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS
PLAYING
CARDS.

SOMETHING
NEW IN
STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I. X. L. Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS	$30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits, Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

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GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

If This Doesn't Bring You You're Out of Town

This morning we shall begin a sale on

Men's Boys' and Children's Clothing

that shall stand as a record breaker for time to come. We would rather count dollars than Goods. Therefore we are going to trade everything for dollars that we possibly can. That is why so many Suits are going to be sold at such low prices. If you don't come in you certainly out of town.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Go to the store of

D. C. YOUNG

for

Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.

Same will be closed out at cost, without discount, to make room for fall goods.

All other merchandise will be discounted as heretofore advertised. These discounts are much better than trading stamps and my increased sales during the last few weeks show that customers appreciate the same.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., July 27, 1903.

Special Reduction Sale.

From now until July 4 I will sell, to reduce my stock, all suits at the following reduced prices:

$22 SUITS for $20.
$25 " " $22.
$28 " " $25.

Higher priced suits in proportion.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailors

Chadwick Block Smethport.

ORDER NOW.

You may order that suit by mail if you cant come personally. Out of town folks are handicapped somewhat. Can't come right away when we advertise cut prices, and so we continue our semi-annual clearance sale all July.

All Summer Clothing Reduced.

Men's Suits, Trousers, Boys' Suits, Shirts, Underwear, etc., to prices about ¼ less.

No profit left. We know that.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store.

THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY

"Gold and Silver" Brand Shirt Waists, Shirts & Collars. Perfect fit guaranteed.

Ask for Cash Tickets redeemable in Chinaware. Or Red Trading Stamps.

Snaps for the Week

We are offering for one week only a large assortment—strictly new—of

Ladies' Black Mercerized Petticoats.

Good values at $1.50. For this sale **98c**

Misses Mercerized Petticoats, in colors.

Just the thing for school wear. Ready selling at $1.39. This week **98c**

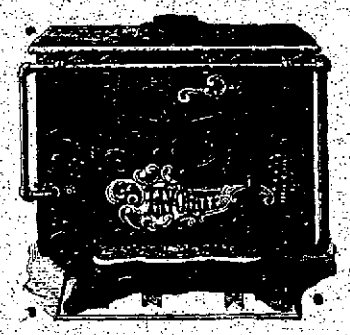
Ladies Black Silk Petticoats.

Of guaranteed Taffeta, new and stylish, will go on sale Friday morning, AUGUST 14th. Regular value $6.66. For this sale **$4.89**

Our west window will show the styles.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

An Unassailable Position.



Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only through Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of; the best that anybody can make. As a result the Favorite Gas Ranges sell better and make more friends and customers than any other gas range on the market. Come in and see them.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 13, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—All kinds and sizes of photo mounts for sale at this office.

—Shingle House is to have a water system for fire protection.

—Miss Grace Smart gave a tea for a number of young friends Saturday afternoon.

—The Misses Keenan gave a tea for a large number of friends Tuesday afternoon.

—Miss Helen Eckert gave a birthday party to a number of young friends Saturday afternoon.

—Mt. Jewett has declared vacant the office of night police. That town must be getting better.

—Mrs. H. H. Redfield had a thimble party for Miss Jo Holder Saturday afternoon from two to six.

—The International Typographical Union held its 19th annual convention in Washington, D. C., this week.

—The stone has arrived for the walk of the east approach to the court house and it will be put in as soon as possible.

—Misses Day, Masser and Jackson gave an enjoyable porch party at the residence of F. G. Lindholm yesterday.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford begins its fourth year August 31. Graduates of this school are in demand.

—Rev. and Mrs. Gaylard H. Patterson entertained a large party of young people at their home on King street Monday evening.

—The M. E. Sunday school classes held a picnic at Nunundah park Tuesday afternoon. The day was pleasant and all had a delightful time.

—The new law office of Hon. Thomas A. Morrison and Thomas H. Morrison on Main street is progressing rapidly. The brick work is well under way.

—A street fakir, who took advantage of the crowd drawn by the performing dogs, did a fairly good business Monday evening. His graft was "corn salve."

—H. W. Rubin is advertising some rare bargains in summer clothing this week. It will pay you to call and see his line before making purchases elsewhere.

—"Old Hoss" Tom Young is catching a great game of ball this year notwithstanding the fact that he has a lame leg which robs him of his old-time sprinting ability.

—The furniture factory at Mt. Jewett was sold at public sale to Elisha E. Kane last Thursday. A. D. Deemer, a furniture manufacturer, has rented the plant and will operate it in the future.

—The Mt. Jewett Herald in speaking of a dance given in that place says: The music, as discoursed by the Smethport orchestra, was all that could be desired.

—Eight persons were killed and nearly 300 were injured by the falling of the bleachers in the Philadelphia National League base ball park last Saturday afternoon.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Shillenn, on Tuesday, Aug. 11, a ten-pound girl. All concerned are doing well. George is the happiest man in town and is liberal with good cigars.

—"The Ministry of Suffering" is the Rev. Gaylard Patterson's subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "The Rapes" is his subject for Sunday evening at the Baptist church.

—Work on the local division of the Shawmut railway is very brisk at present and a number of Smethport young men are now employed in bridge construction, unloading building material, etc.

—Smethport sent a large delegation to Port Allegany yesterday. Now that the Port Allegannians have a team that can play ball some they should return the compliment when the Indians play here again.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The subject of the lesson will be "The Call of Gideon." A selection of anthems will be sung at the evening service.

—The Ormsby base ball team defeated the New City club at the latter place by a score of 5 to 1 Sunday. Ormsby's battery and second baseman were from Smethport and assisted materially in Ormsby's victory.

—The lawn around the Smethport school building now presents a very attractive appearance and the school board and janitor are to be congratulated on their efforts to beautify the surroundings of the building.

—A window glass factory is to be built at Ceres by a company of local capitalists. F. H. Raymond has been elected president of the company. The location is first class and will bring to Ceres its old time business bustle.

—The Mt. Jewett Sunday schools enjoyed a union picnic at Nunundah Island Park yesterday. The day was one of enjoyment, the time being spent between the grateful shade at the park and the inspection of places of interest about town.

—Esther Murphy, a pretty waitress in a Clearfield, Pa., hotel, was shot and dangerously wounded Sunday morning by a young man named Wainright, whose parents live at Benezette, Elk Co. It is thought the young lady will recover. Wainright claims to be crazy on religion and expresses no regret for his attempt to take the girl's life.

—A party of young people gave a dance at the Lyceum Friday evening. Miss May Kelly of Austin was the guest of honor. Excellent music was furnished by the High School orchestra and all had a delightful time.

—By a vote of 21 to 13 the proposition to change the county seat of Cattaraugus from Little Valley to Salamanca was voted down yesterday. A new jail must be built at Little Valley, and if this is not done the present one will be repaired.

—Mrs. E. T. Daly gave a birthday party for her son, Master Robert, Saturday afternoon. About forty of the young boy and girl friends of Robert enjoyed themselves with games, etc., until six o'clock when an elegant lunch was served on the lawn.

—A Norristown dispatch says: James Barndt, who left this section many years ago, died at Milwaukee recently, leaving an estate of $300,000. As he died intestate his administrators are trying to locate relatives hereabouts who are entitled to a share of his fortune.

—The business man who would move out of his store for two or three months in the summer to save the rent would soon find such economy to be very costly. The same is true of the merchant who moves out of his advertising space thinking thereby to economize, says an exchange.

—Monday evening a man and woman with a troupe of performing dogs gave a free show for a hat collection on Main street. The principal feature was a dog jumping forty-nine feet from the top of a ladder into a net. The other part of the performance was of the ordinary class.

—Hagberg & Sherburne have bought of Eugene Hussey the meat market which Mr. Hussey conducted on Main street and installed Charles Bullock in the establishment. Mr. Bullock thoroughly understands the meat market business and as the stand is a good one they should meet with success.

—A large black bear was seen this morning on top of the mountain between Gilbert Brook and Brown Valley, going west. He passed near where the Cornish boys are drilling. This is the second bear seen in that vicinity this week. The first one was much larger than those usually found in these parts.—Bradford Star of Tuesday.

—A report is current in railroad circles that George Gould will purchase the interests of the Iselins in the B., R. & P. and will ultimately merge the interests of the road with the Wabash lines. The lines will connect at New Castle and a connection with the Wheeling & Lake Erie at the latter place will open the furnace districts of the Mahoning and Shenango valleys to both lines.—Bradford Era.

—J. C. Backus has invented an improvement on his pin-setter, which is liable to revolutionize the "pin-sticking" business in bowling alleys. Under the new system the pins can be set directly on the "spots" in considerably less than one-third the time required by hand. Mr. Backus will immediately apply for a patent on the device and it looks as if there was a fortune in it for the clever inventor.

—Inspector S. E. Emmons of the postoffice department was at the Smethport postoffice Tuesday and Wednesday of this week investigating the matter of a R. F. D. box that was stolen from Jas. McCabe last November and was subsequently returned and placed in position. It is needless to say that if the guilty party is found it will put an end to such depredations by them and will be a lesson to others that such boxes will be protected by the department.

—The new catalogue of the Clarion State Normal school gives a clear description of the courses of study and the aims and plans of the school. The school is organized for efficient work. There can be no doubt about the success of the institution. Dr. Weir has set a high standard of efficiency in the instruction and government and this standard will be maintained. Serious young people desiring an education can find the opportunity they wish in this school.

—On account of the meeting and parades of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Volunteer Firemen's Association at DuBois, Pa., August 19 to 21, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to DuBois August 18 to 21, good to return until August 22, inclusive, from Erie, Sunbury and intermediate stations on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad division, including branches, and from all stations on the Buffalo and Allegheny division in the State of Pennsylvania, at rate of single fare for the round-trip.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

Tickets on sale 1st and third Tuesdays of each month now until November via Nickel Plate road to principal farming sections in the west and southwest at greatly reduced rates, good return limits. Tri-weekly transcontinental tourist sleeping car service; dining cars also serve club meals at 35c to $1, and meals "a la carte." See local agents or write R. E. Payne, G. A., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Vacation Rates.

Nickel Plate Road now selling daily special excursion tickets to Salt Lake City, Denver, Hot Springs, S. D., El Paso, St. Paul, etc., including the principal tourist resorts in the West, at exceeding low rates, good returning to Oct. 31st. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, G. A., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

$3.00 for Walkover Low Shoes that were $3.50 and $4.00, at Monheimer's.

A complete assortment of window screens and doors at Redfield's.

75c buys a Straw Hat that sold up to $3.00, at Wm. Monheimer's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Janette Hamlin is visiting friends in Bramell, Va.

Miss Estella Rubin is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Miss Mary Curry of Olean is visiting Miss Nellie Masser.

Miss Ida Rubin is the guest of Bradford friends this week.

Dean Allen of Port Allegany was a visitor in town Monday.

Frank Hackett is visiting relatives in Ceres, N. Y., this week.

Mrs. Edna Warren of Corry, Pa., is visiting relatives in town.

Art Wright of Port Allegany spent Sunday with Smethport friends.

Miss Ada Brainerd of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting Miss Agnes McCoy.

Mrs. W. T. Seger of New York is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Hon. A. G. Olmsted of Coudersport was a Smethport visitor on Saturday.

Miss Clara Gardner of Pittsford, N. Y., is the guest of Miss Marie Jackson.

Miss Charlotte Bard of Washington, D. C., is visiting friends and relatives in town.

William Monheimer left Tuesday for a business visit to New York and Boston.

Mrs. George Greer and daughters, Mildred and Jennie, are visiting friends in town.

Miss Lula Keenan of Buffalo is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Keenan.

Mrs. M. J. Williams of Ceres is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Gleason.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton, son, MacArthur and daughter, Rita, are visiting in Cuba, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Backus of Olean were the guests of friends in town over Sunday.

Miss Martha Brennan has returned from a visit to Chautauqua, Jamestown and Mt. Jewett.

Miss Hallie Walker and Miss Edith Young are spending the week in Buffalo visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Andorfer and children have returned from an extended visit in New Jersey.

Sam Glassmire, Frank Knox, Harry Nelson and John Mundy were among the Coudersport rooters at the game Friday.

Miss Frantz, M. D., who has been the guest of Mrs. Henry Hamlin for some time, returned to her home in Buffalo Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burdick left this morning for Harrisburg, where they will be guests of Mrs. Burdick's mother for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield are in Canada for a short vacation. They joined Mr. and Mrs. Guy H. McCoy there on Tuesday.

Edward T. Albert of Washington, D. C., is visiting his wife and child, who are the guests of Mrs. Albert's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Shook.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 8, 1903:

Mrs. Backer, R. D. Brown, Chas. Crane, Alex S. Doniat, 3, Crawford & Kraumerer, Allen Gordinier, E. Green, E. Kane, R. Lindberg, H. F. Northrup, Miss Beulah Rice, A. B. Sprague.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. Gallup,
Postmaster.

Estray Notice.

Came to the premises of the undersigned in Sergeant township, August 4, 1903, eight head of young cattle. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges.

C. N. Bates, Bayer Farm.
Clermont, Pa., Aug. 5, 1903.

No Comfort Without Comfortable Things.

Comfort for you and comfort for your pocketbook on our bargain price of Leonard Cleanable Refrigerators.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Good Kitchen Help.

The best you can get is a Detroit Jewel Gas Range. They are untiring, saving and faithful. At Holmes & Gilfillan's.

WANTED—At the Pennsylvania railroad depot, wild blackberries.

E. W. Woolley.

The Yellow Trading Stamps with EVERY purchase at Wm. Monheimer's.

Redfield has a 5-ply, guaranteed garden hose for 10c a foot.

House for rent. Inquire of Mrs. A. M. Fuller.

If Wm. Monheimer makes reductions that are genuine.

THE CLARION

State Normal School.

Furnishes Professional Training for Teachers. Prepares young people for college and offers excellent facilities for general education.

FREE TUITION for prospective teachers. Board, room rent and laundry for full term, 16 weeks, $49. Fall term opens Sept. 7, 1903.

For further particulars call on or address

SAMUEL Weir, Ph. D., Prin.
Clarion, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

BEST VALUES—YELLOW TRADING STAMPS BESIDES.

--REMNANT SALE.--

This week we are making a big clean up of all odds and ends in our entire stock. After a busy spring and summer season there is bound to be a great accummulation of odd lots and short ends. These we are getting together now and will wind them up regardless of cost of selling price. This is a good opportunity for you to secure desirable merchandise at a saving of one-fourth to one-half from regular prices.

Odd Lots and Remnants in

Dress Goods, Silks, Linings, Wash Goods, White Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Hosiery, Underwear, Neckwear, Belts, Fancy Goods, Waists, Dressing Sacques, Belts, Parasols, Etc.

FRY & HERZOG.

YOU CAN'T MISS IT

When you purchase your Building Material from us, if your aim is to secure the greatest value for your money. We give careful attention to the wants of the different markets and can safely say we carry a greater variety of

Building Material

than any other house.

It makes no difference where you are we can reach you and will gladly quote you prices on anything.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Lumber and Hardware

Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

Diamonds and Watches

are a good investment if bought right. I guarantee every piece that leaves the store will refund the money on demand if you can beat our prices, or are not satisfied with the purchase. My prices are the lowest. I live and let live.

At the present time I am showing an eleline of Cut Glass and Sterling Silver for wedding presents.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

No Use Waiting for Hard Times to Come.

BUY THAT BUILDING LOT NOW.

Leave Five or Ten Dollars a month with us and you will have a place ready for a home to be built on in the spring.

Remember

we have building lots in this borough for sale at very reasonable prices and on easy terms.

Plot of these lots showing size, price and location may be seen at the Postoffice, Court House and Bank and other business places. Particulars from officers of the company or inquire at Bank.

SMETHPORT LAND & IMPROVEMENT COMPANY L'T'D.

W. P. WALSH, President. D. M. BRASTED, Treasurer. GUY McCOY, Secretary.

PRIVATE JOHNSON'S LOVE AFFAIR

By EDWARD MARSHALL

Copyright, 1900, by T. C. McClure

Private Johnson of G company was much in love. But although he daily for a blissful hour or so did sentry duty within a few feet of her, he had not been able to disclose his love. He could not speak Spanish nor she English. They had been forced to confine their evidences of affection to smiles and sighs, she to the same, supplemented by languid movements of her fan. Private Johnson could stand it no longer; so that night after he had "biked" with the others of his guard to the barracks he confided his troubles to his "bunkee," Mike Nolan.

"I'm stuck on the slickest little Spanish girl that ever waved a fan."

"What is she—Spigady?" asked Mullins.

"No, she ain't," said Johnson; "and that's the trouble."

Now it must be explained that when the American army took possession of Havana there were few men in it, either officers or privates, who could speak Spanish. Therefore the residents of the Cuban capital, black, yellow and white, who found it for many reasons absolutely necessary to communicate with the Americans created a new language.

"It was and is more involved and intricate in its futile imitations of our mother tongue than the 'pidgin English' of the Chinaman. And my Cuban who can speak this strange patois announces with much pride, 'I spigady Inglis.' The quick witted Americans christened all these "Spigadies."

"I've got to take her home with me," Johnson said gloomily. "I'd rather go up San Juan hill again than go home without her."

Private Mullins puffed reflectively on a long cigarette. Private Mullins had had his own love affair since he had been in Cuba, and it had not turned out well. He had been embittered by it. It had merely made him sympathetic.

"Tell me about it, Johnson," he said.

"Well, it was this way: When I was put on sentry duty down there by the bank I couldn't help but look in the windows next door, and I saw her. And, oh, Mullins, boy, she's the wonder of the age. And I smiled, and she smiled; and I'm in love with her, and she's in love with me."

"Why don't you write it, you idiot?" asked Mullins.

"You've as much brains as a tuberine mango, Mullins, or less," said Johnson. "If I could write it I could talk it, too, couldn't I?"

"Well," said Mullins reflectively, "I meant that you could get some of the fellows to write it for you."

"You're trying to get me in," said Johnson, eying him suspiciously. "Is there a man in this regiment you'd trust to write such a letter for you?"

"No," said Mullins, "there ain't. But I'll tell you what. I know an officer in the rurales (rural police who speaks English and who'll do it. You've got to hurry, though."

"Why?" asked Johnson.

"We're ordered home," said Mullins. "I heard the general tell the colonel so today. I was on orderly duty at headquarters, you know."

"Hooray!" shouted Johnson, and some one who was trying to go to sleep threw a canteen at him.

That night the two friends devoted an hour to the composition of the great letter which the lieutenant was to translate into Spanish.

It was a plain, straightforward recital of the young soldier's love and circumstances. It described his home and told her, much to Mullins' amazement, that Private Johnson's family was well to do.

"Is that straight?" asked Mullins doubtfully.

"Sure," said Johnson. "I wouldn't lie to her, you chump."

Mullins said he thought the letter would be all right after the lieutenant had thrown some bifalutin Spanish phrases into it.

The next day Mullins took the letter to his friend the lieutenant of rurales, whose name was Linares. The Reutenant, loving intrigue as all Spaniards do, said that he would be delighted to serve Mullins' friend.

"Shall I address the letter also?" asked the lieutenant.

"You'd better," said Mullins. "Then it will be all in the same handwriting."

"You must first give the address," said the lieutenant.

And Mullins gave it to him. If he had been quick witted he would have noticed an instantaneous change in the quality of the smile upon the lieutenant's face, but he missed it.

"The taste of your friend is sublime, superb, quite worthy of an American soldier."

"You know her, then?" asked Mullins.

"I have seen her," said the lieutenant as he rolled a fresh cigarette. "She is beautiful, very. I will have the letter in an hour."

In an hour Mullins went back. The lieutenant rapidly translated it to him. The long, dignified and flowery declaration of Private Johnson's love poured from his lips in sonorous sentences. Mullins wrote them down in English. When he read them to Johnson that night the latter heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"It takes these dagoes," he said finally, "to sling language."

Next day when Private Johnson took his place on sentry duty his heart beat faster. It seemed an age before the shy but smiling face of the charming Spanish girl appeared behind the bars of the big window. Her head was effectively covered by a mantilla of black lace, and in her hand she held the dainty fan which she knew so well how to use. The wonderful letter was in the inner pocket of his blouse. He saluted blushingly; she waved her hand toward him and smiled. He glanced up and down the street. The coast was wholly clear; so, with his cheeks flaming, he approached the window.

"Buenos Dios, senorita," he said falteringly.

"Buenos Dios, senor," she replied, with blushes.

With a military gesture he took the letter from his pocket and presented it.

She seemed to be much surprised. Her flush grew deeper, and she placed her hand upon her breast as if to say:

"Is this for me?"

He bowed assent. She quickly thrust the letter into the bosom of her bodice. Then she turned away, but before she wholly vanished she blew him a bashful kiss from the tip of her fan.

All morning Private Johnson watched for her in vain. During his afternoon tour of duty his eyes were on the window whenever he could keep them there.

He was greatly disappointed when the night relief came on and he was picked up by the retiring squad for the return to barracks. He had not seen her again. But the memory of that smile was with him still.

Next morning at roll call the lieutenant who inspected glanced approvingly at Private Johnson's shoes and buttons and speckless uniform. But just before dismissal he called out:

"Private Johnson, fall out and report to the colonel."

Johnson was amazed, but with soldierly decision did as he was told. The colonel scowled in bad temper.

"Johnson," he said sharply, "you have a good record."

Johnson looked pleased.

"You know that you're going home next week, don't you?"

"I have heard so, sir."

"Well, then, why didn't you try to keep your record clean?" asked the colonel petulantly. He was a martinet, but he was really fond of his good men.

"I have tried to, sir," said Johnson proudly.

"Do you know what the orders are about insulting the citizens of Havana?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you gratuitously insult the Senorita Mercedes y Bordoza?"

Johnson was aroused. "I have not insulted her," he said firmly.

The colonel picked up an envelope which had been lying on his table and produced the letter which had been hidden in the senorita's bosom on the day before. "Did you not give this letter to her yesterday? She says you did, and your name is signed to it."

"I did, sir," said Private Johnson.

The colonel was getting red in the face. "And don't you consider it insulting?" he demanded.

Private Johnson's face was pale. "No, sir," he said very firmly. "I do not think it an insult to any woman on earth for an American citizen and soldier to ask her to be his wife."

The colonel gasped. "Your wife!" he exclaimed. "Did you ask her to marry you?"

"I did, sir."

"In this letter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you write it?"

"No, sir; I had it written."

"Did you tell the man who wrote it for you to address her as 'My Dear Turnip,' to speak of her father as a blackguard?"

Johnson was speechless. The colonel saw his real distress and slowly and even mercifully translated the perfidious lieutenant's composition to him. He was sorely tempted to shout with laughter, but he was merciful and did not.

La Lucha is a newspaper in Havana which has two pages in Spanish and two pages containing an English translation of them.

In the English of La Lucha that very day was announced the engagement of Lieutenant Jose Linares of the rurales to Signorita Mercedes y Bordoza.

And Private Johnson understood why he had been fooled.

Emigration of French Capital.

One of the serious matters which face the French government is the vast amount of French capital which has left that country in the last few years and continues to do so. The last returns of the government savings banks show an excess of $2,000,000 francs in the withdrawals over the deposits. Much of this has gone to England, some to this country and a very considerable part to German rentes. It is this withdrawal of capital to which the fall in French rentes may be attributed rather than to the controversy between the church and state, which has generally been regarded as the cause. The causes of the withdrawal of the capital are several. One important one is the impending income tax. The feeling is that if the Socialists continue to grow in power they will not be satisfied with the income tax, but will demand further imposts on the revenue from private investments.

Mortuary Red Tape.

The following incident is related as having occurred in South Africa: One of the soldiers who had been reported killed in a certain battle and against whose name in the regimental books a note to that effect had been made afterward turned up and reported himself. Then the sergeant made another note in the book: "Died by mistake." The man was placed in the hospital and a few weeks later succumbed to the injuries he had received. This fact was communicated to the sergeant through the colonel of the regiment, and then a third note was made: "Redied by order of the colonel."

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1,50 IN ADVANCE.

VICTIMS OF VESUVIUS.

Pompeii and Herculaneum Not the Only Cities It Has Buried.

The road out of Naples toward Vesuvius is the same route that one follows to reach Pompeii. When intending to go up the mountain the tourist leaves the Pompeii road at Resina, the modern city which overlies Herculaneum. Apropos of these two ancient towns, it is remarkable how many people speak of them as the only buried cities in the vicinity. In fact, there are many, and it may not be uninteresting to mention them. Next to the two familiar ones, the one whose name is most frequently heard is Stabiæ. Then there are Cumæ, the oldest Greek colony in Italy; Baiæ, a watering place, resort of the Roman swells in the first year of our Lord; Parthenope, Puteopolis and Neapolis, three buried cities lying under modern Naples, from the last of which it took its name; Dikearchia (later called Puteoli, now Pozzuoli), another Greek city of large wealth and with much commerce; Capua, one of the great military posts of ancient Rome, now covered by a modern city, also a garrison, and Suessola, whose medicinal springs held high repute among the gouty epicures of the Roman time.

Cataclysmic have been the earth's throes around that laboring monster Vesuvius, for some of these buried cities, which were great seaports 2,000 years ago, are now far inland. On the other hand, offshore at Baiæ you may look down from a boat when in smooth water and discover ancient houses and streets far below you at the bottom of the sea. Some of these buried cities were much larger and more important places than either Pompeii or Herculaneum, yet to many travelers their names seem unfamiliar.—Argonaut.

EDUCATING OYSTERS.

Training Schools in Which the Bivalves Are Taught Some Sense.

"A school for oysters!" said a dealer in fish; "is an institution that you would swear could not exist, for oysters are notorious for their stupidity. It is, however, a fact that there are many oyster schools. I will explain them to you in such a way that you will believe in them. An oyster's intelligence is limited, but still it has intelligence. Years ago certain wise fish dealers discovered that if you take an oyster suddenly from its subaqueous bed it opens its shell, whereupon the life-giving water inside it all escapes and the oyster dies. But if you expose an oyster to the air gradually, lifting it out of the water for a few minutes and then returning it again, it gradually learns that to keep its shell closed when out of the water is the best thing for its health. These investigators found that they could take two oysters, one trained and one untrained, and the trained oyster, keeping its shell closed, while out of the water, would live a long time, while the untrained one, opening its shell, would die in a few hours. Therefore training schools for oysters were established. The schools are in appearance nothing more than reservoirs full of water. Oysters are put in them, and the water is drawn off and then returned again. It is kept off for a few minutes at first, then for ten minutes, then for half an hour and so on. Oysters in these schools learn that they will live longest and keep healthiest out of water if they hold their shells tight shut. As soon as they learn this they are graduated and go out into the world."—Philadelphia Record.

A Quick Witted Partridge.

Nesting upon the ground, the partridge is likely to be disturbed. A bird of this species was once startled by a plow passing within a yard or so of its nest. Destruction was almost uncertainty, as the plow must pass entirely over it in the next round, and the laborer wondered how the partridge would act. The time necessary for going around the field was about twenty minutes, yet in that almost incredible period the parent birds had effected the removal of some twenty-one eggs to a safe spot. Careful search led to the discovery of the bird calmly seated upon her treasures in the bottom of the hedge out of reach of the plow. Nineteen partridge chicks were eventually hatched and duly escaped unmolested.—London Tit-Bits.

The Ingenious Magpie.

The magpie is nothing if not ingenious. He always barricades his bulky nest with thorn branches, so that to plunder it is by no means an easy matter, but when circumstances oblige the "pie" to build in a low bush or hedge—an absence of lofty trees being a marked feature of some northern localities—he not only interlaces his home, but also the entire bush, in a most formidable manner. Nor does he stop here. To "make assurance double sure" he fashions a means of exit as well as entrance to the castle, so that if disturbed he can slip out by his back door, as it were.

A Trying Position.

Clubberly—What's the matter? Is that widow I've seen you with troubling you?

Castleton—Yes, on my nerves. I can't make up my mind whether she is going to marry me or not.—Detroit Free Press.

Hard to Head Off.

Wantanno—I wonder if Gabsky will recite for me at my little party this evening?

Dunno—He will unless you know some as yet undiscovered way to prevent him.—Baltimore American.

Good Natured.

"What would you do if I were to offer you work?"

"It 'u'd be all right, mister," answered Meandering Mike. "I kin take a joke as well as anybody."—Washington Star.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

BURGLARIOUS STARS.

Planets and Suns May Pick Up Minor Solar Bodies.

Jupiter is much the biggest member of the family of stars which revolve around our sun; consequently the power of his attraction is greater than that possessed, for instance, by the earth. Jupiter's exploits as a burglar have caused very considerable annoyance and inconvenience to astronomers in the days before his powers were fully recognized.

In 1770 there appeared a fine comet, which was found to have an elliptical orbit round the sun of so comparatively small a size that Mr. Lexell, its discoverer, calculated it would return in five and a half years, but in 1775 telescopes were vainly focused on the spot where it was expected to reappear, and again in 1781 it disappointed all observers. Mr. Lexell plunged into fresh calculations and after much research found that Jupiter was the culprit. The unfortunate comet had been rash enough to plunge into the sphere of the giant planet's attraction, with the result that it had been completely diverted from its former orbit and flung off into quite a different one of a twenty year period. It has never been seen again by any one on this earth and probably never will be.

Jupiter was also responsible for the delay which occurred in the return of that splendid visitant known as Halley's comet. Halley found that he was not the first discoverer of this big comet. It had appeared at least twice previously, once seventy-five years before and again seventy-six years before that. The astronomer concluded that there would be a further delay in its third return and predicted that its next appearance would be 518 days later. He did not live to see it. But in 1758, the year he had prophesied for its reappearance, astronomers were waiting for it.

HUMORS OF MUSICAL LIFE.

Amusing Pranks the Erratic Types Played With a Composer.

Miss Maude Valerie White, author of numerous popular songs, has told a number of anecdotes, many of them at her own expense. I suppose she once wrote in the Cornhill Magazine, all composers have had a laugh over the extraordinary mistakes which sometimes occur in the first proofs of their songs. I remember years ago writing a very sentimental song, in which the line occurred—

I've never once regretted the vow I made that day.

My feelings may be imagined when I found they had printed—

I've never once regretted the row I made that day.

Miss White also told about an amusing mistake which occurred in the programme of one of her concerts. A well-known singer and very good friend of mine was down to sing one of my two songs, "To Marry," and "Crabbed Age and Youth." But the newspaper announced something very different. Not content with drawing up a programme of my concert, it drew up a programme of my future, for I read as follows:

Mr. Blank
To Marry ..... Maude Valeria White
Crabbed Age and Youth

As I am a good many years older than the friend in question, the coincidence struck me as particularly funny, and I cut the programme out of the newspaper and sent it to him. By the first mail next morning I received an identical cutting from him, with an inquiry whether he was to take this as a formal announcement of our engagement and expressing a mild surprise that he had not been consulted in the matter.

He Knew Sir Walter Scott.

In a booklet called "Sir Walter Scott and His Country" published in Edinburgh the author quotes this reminiscence from an old man he met who had known the romancer:

"Aye," he minded Sir Walter fine. "I seen him driving out in his carriage and pair, wi' Tom Purdie on the box seat. He had on a shepherd's tartan plaid and a glengarry cap wi' twa black ribbons hanging doon the back. I mind his dowg tae—Maida, he ca'd it—and an awfu' work he made ower the beast. But he was as pleasant a man as you could speak to, though he wasna thought muckle of as a pleader when they made him shirra o' Selkirk. Is it his buiks you're speiring on? Ou, aye, ye'll find a' his buiks ben the house."

Carved on the Tomb of Ingalls.

This extract from Ingalls' essay on "Grass" is carved on the glacial bowlder which marks his last resting place: "When the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scars which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead."—Kansas City Star.

Cash Before Fame.

"Why don't you try to write your name on the scroll of fame?"

"My friend," said Senator Sorghum very earnestly, "I have never yet seen anybody tearing leaflets out of the scroll of fame and getting them cashed at the bank."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An Amateur.

Young Bride—I'm so nervous. I'm actually shaking.

Matrimonial Veteran—You'll get over it, dear. Why, when I first began getting married I thought I should never stop having altar fright.—Baltimore American.

When a man meets his wife in a railroad station he never knows whether to kiss her, before all the people or to pretend that he is just a friend of the family.—New York Press.

A man's strength develops when he has something to do, not when he is idle.—Atchison Globe.

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Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—W. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs. Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooker.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Ta Wa Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Rendell, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Vourhees, N. D. Hamer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gibson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holden.
Auditors—C. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. Hopkins.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame; F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street. SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 388, meets Friday evenings, at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FERGASON, N. G.
W. G. BOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
F. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. CULLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PEIRCE, Com.
LITTIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. WILLIE I. BREWER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
MARY E. GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 156, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. E. WILCOX, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Garland E. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at, 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. B. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—F. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1900.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:
Train 122, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:50 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

2:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:52 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:55 a. m., New York 9:30 a. m., Baltimore 8:20 a. m., Washington 8:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:53 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m., Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:05 a. m.—Train 12, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:20 a. m., New York 9:53 a. m., week days (11:55 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and week days DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:00 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M.	Lv.	STATIONS	Ar.	SOUTH P. M.
9:05	.....	Ridgway	.....	12 01
9:40	.....	Johnsonburg	.....	11 40
10 17	.....	Glen Hazel	.....	11 27
10 18	.....	Straight	.....	11 18
10 20	.....	Instanter	.....	11 15
10 26	.....	Smith's Run	.....	11 09
10 34	.....	Woodvale	.....	11 02
10 40	.....	Clermont	.....	11 00
A. M.				A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:30 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1900.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Grimsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south and west, the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. Train No. 8 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

1:30 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Grimsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m. and 8:30 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt, Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Pennsa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 10. Passenger Train Schedule

Effective May 24, 1900.

MT. JEWETT, Lv.	SMETHPORT, Lv.	MT. JEWETT, Ar.
a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
7:00	8:10	9:30
7:30	8:40	10:00
8:00	9:10	10:30
8:30	9:40	11:00
9:00	10:10	11:30
9:30	10:40	12:00
10:00	11:10	12:30
10:30	11:40	1:00
11:00	12:10	1:30
11:30	12:40	2:00
p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
12:00	1:10	2:30
12:30	1:40	3:00
1:00	2:10	3:30
1:30	2:40	4:00
2:00	3:10	4:30
2:30	3:40	5:00
3:00	4:10	5:30
3:30	4:40	6:00
4:00	5:10	6:30
4:30	5:40	7:00
5:00	6:10	7:30
5:30	6:40	8:00
6:00	7:10	8:30
6:30	7:40	9:00
7:00	8:10	9:30

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. P. MAHONEY, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. L. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1900.

Ar. Eastward	STATIONS	Lv. Westward
A.M. A.M. P.M.		Ar. P.M. A.M.
8.05 7.05 2.10	Ulysses	7.20 2.25 9.10
7.50 6.50 2.10	Crowell	7.27 2.32 9.19
7.46 ... 1.57	Carpenter	0 2.34 9.22
7.40 6.48 1.53	Perkins	7.32 2.37 9.26
7.37 6.45 1.50	Newfield Junc.	7.37 2.42 9.33
0 0 1.45	Newfield	7.41 2.46 0
7.05 6.36 1.41	Gold	7.44 2.49 9.46
7.00 6.30 1.35	Raymond	7.49 2.54 9.47
6.45 6.21 1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01 3.06 10.03
6.40 6.17 1.20	Colesburg	8.04 3.09 10.10
6.30 6.12 1.12	Frinks	8.12 3.17 10.20
6.25 6.10 1.12	Coudersp't	0 3.26 10.35
6.15 0 1.05	N. Couds'pt	0 3.30 10.45
6.10 6.00 1.00	Dp.	Ar. 8.25 3.30 10.45
A.M. A.M. P.M.	Coudersport	P.M.
4.20 7.45 12.15	Ar.	Dp. 8.28 6.00 1.20
0 0 12.13	Hammond	0 0 0
4.05 7.38 12.09	Olmsted	8.33 6.05 1.31
3.59 7.35 12.05	Mina	8.37 6.10 1.37
3.45 0 11.59	Knowlton	0 6.17 0
3.40 7.25 11.55	Roulette	8.47 6.25 1.51
3.30 7.16 11.47	Burtville	8.54 6.28 2.01
3.23 0 11.41	Colesup	0 6.34 0
3.20 0 0	Cherry Wyks	0 0 0
3.15 7.05 11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08 6.40 2.25
P.M. P.M. A.M.	Dp. Ar.	A.M. P.M. P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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THE ADVENTURE OF A HOODOO

By Howard Fielding

...Copyright, 1899, by C. W. Hooke...

MR. WESTCOTT'S white hair had the effect of a wig that has not been put on straight. The parting was twisted around over his left ear; there was a tangled mass across his forehead, and in the region of the right ear the hair came down smoothly, as it usually does on the back of a man's head.

He was tall, thin and angular; his face was long and narrow, but he had a way of shutting it up like an accordion when he compressed his lips. Yet he was a kindly man, and most people in the little city of Millbridge did him justice in this particular. He was president of the Westcott Manufacturing company, which made all sorts of things out of aluminium.

To him in his office entered Frank Miller, just off the train from New York. He was twenty-eight years old, of good height and figure and handsome in a somewhat melancholy, light blond fashion. He had been a boy in Millbridge, and his father had been a long time friend of old Sam Westcott.

The instant that Miller appeared Mr. Westcott began to get out of his chair awkwardly, like a figure made of strips of wood jointed with pegs.

He made quite a business of taking the young man's overcoat and hanging it up on one of a line of pegs, remarking as he did so that the strap which was upon the garment for that purpose looked as if it might break at any moment.

"It will hold," said Miller with a quick downward glance. "The door's clean."

Westcott had turned and was about to sit down. He stopped suddenly as if the pegs in his wooden joints had stuck, and thus he remained for some seconds suspended over the chair in a seemingly impossible attitude. Then he gently sat down, laughing silently.

"That's your father all over again," said he. "The strap is waiting until it finds a dirty place to drop the coat; then it will break. Well, he was right. He was right. His luck was just as bad as he said it was. I knew him fifty years."

"It passed on to me," rejoined Miller. "I wish I might have inherited his virtues also."

There was a long silence, during which the lean old man stared steadily, though dreamily, at his visitor.

"Well, well," said he at last. "Let's get down to business. You have looked into this patent? You've seen the thing work, eh? You've investigated the men?"

"Yes, sir," replied Miller firmly, "and I'm prepared to say that it's a good thing."

"I think so myself," said Westcott, with his elbows on the arms of his big chair and the tips of his fingers pressed

HE REMAINED FOR SOME SECONDS SUSPENDED OVER THE CHAIR.

together. "I think so myself. By the way, they've promised you a stock interest, I suppose?"

Miller flushed, but he answered without hesitation that such was the case.

"Contingent upon my putting up the money, of course," said Westcott.

"Do you believe," said Miller earnestly, "that I—that my father's son—would be led by such a consideration or by any consideration whatever to recommend an investment to you unless it seemed absolutely sound?"

"No, sir, I don't," responded Westcott, bringing his lips together so firmly that his countenance was shortened by at least 40 per cent. "If I had, you never would have heard about this thing."

The thing referred to was a patented process for the extraction of aluminium from clay. It had been brought to Mr. Westcott's attention by his cashier, John Tower, whose brother in New York had secured the control of it. If the process was worth anything at all it was worth a good deal of money, and Mr. Westcott had immediately begun an investigation which was necessarily hasty because Reginald Tower, the brother referred to, had only an option on the patent, which must be made good by the payment of the purchase price in full before a certain date.

"I know that you'd studied chemistry," continued Westcott, "and were connected with a chemical concern in New York, and, moreover, my son, I heard that you were honest, thoroughly honest and reliable, like your father. When this thing came up and had to be decided in a hurry I couldn't think of a better man than yourself. That's why I wrote to ask you to look into it."

"I'm not an expert, and, as for my connection with a chemical company, I'm only the office cashier at twenty bones a week. I might as well be in a dry goods store for all the chemistry I see. However," he added, "I got a leave of absence for a few days and looked into this business for you as well as I could. I've got a careful written report on it."

"If this goes through," said Westcott, "and proves to be a good thing you ought to be fixed for life. I'll see that you get the stock that has been promised you, and it ought to be a nice big block. It's no small thing to get $150,000 capital into a business proposition at twenty days' notice."

"I'm glad you look at it that way," returned Miller. "It's time the luck turned in my favor. I've had a hard struggle so far. The golden apples turn to dust as soon as I touch them."

Westcott shook his head very slowly. "The longer I look at you," he said reflectively, "the more clearly I perceive your resemblance to your father. But that's neither here nor there," he added. "I'm glad you've got a report in writing. Leave it with me, like a good fellow, and come in again this afternoon. You're staying at the hotel, eh? Well, well, you ought to have gone right to my house."

"I'm at a boarding house," replied Miller. "Tower recommended it to me. He met me at the station."

"So you've seen Tower?" said the old man. "I wasn't aware that you knew him."

"I didn't. He introduced himself."

"What did you say to him about your investigation?"

"Nothing," replied Miller shortly. "My business was with you."

"That's right, that's right," said Westcott. "That's like your father. He had a very clear head in such matters. But it never did him any good. He died a poor man."

These repeated references to his father made Miller somewhat uneasy. He did not like to see Mr. Westcott's mind turning upon misfortunes, failures and the great mystery of bad luck.

"If he takes me for a hoodoo," said the young man to himself, "he won't go into this thing. And it's my only chance. I'll never get another."

He reproached himself for his foolish remark about his coat, which had started this train of thought in Mr. Westcott's brain.

When he reached his boarding house he found several people seated on the doorsteps, probably waiting for the dinner bell. Among them was a dark eyed, pretty young woman, an alert and vital creature of a most fascinating presence. Tower had introduced him to her that morning, for she had chanced to be standing by the gate when they came up. Her name was Estelle Wright, and she was a widow.

Having a great need of cheer, Miller entered at once into a sprightly conversation with Mrs. Wright. The experiment was a notable success. He presently forgot that his only chance in life hung upon the decision of cranky old Sam Westcott and remembered only that it is the first duty of man to please a pretty woman. This particular woman was witty and well bred. She seemed to have an original view of everything. She waked the young man's mind to the most agreeable exercise, and when the dinner bell rang there was no gloom anywhere in his vicinity.

About 3 o'clock he went down to the office of the Westcott Manufacturing company.

"I've chewed your report," said Mr. Westcott, "and I want a day or two for digestion. Amuse yourself meanwhile. You're living at my expense, you know. That's understood, and I'll stand a liberal bill."

Miller smiled and went away. In the outer office he stopped for a minute to speak with John Tower, against whom he had taken an unreasonable prejudice.

"Well, what luck?" said Tower.

"I don't know," responded Miller.

"I hope you gave the thing a good send off."

"I told the truth as nearly as I could learn it," said Miller, walking away.

A chance meeting with Mrs. Wright upon the street put him in a good humor, and after a long walk with her he felt that life still held a few joys worth the trouble of striving for. He was still more convinced of this truth after an evening in the charming young woman's company, and when he was alone in his room, smoking by the open window, he asked himself a very important question, "Is it my fate to fall in love with Stella Wright?"

The next day he had many troubles. Mr. Westcott was still digesting the report. John Tower was importunate; he strove to urge Miller to more strenuous action.

"There's a big stake in this matter for you," he insisted. "This thing is going to be a gold mine. You're letting the chance of your life slip by. I had a talk with the old man this morning"—

Miller interrupted him with a groan. "Don't have another," said he. "Let him alone. You don't seem to understand the man that you are dealing with."

His mind was greatly perturbed as he left the office, and he sought relief in the society of Stella Wright. Her beauty and vivacity were utterly charming.

He swore a deep vow that he would prove himself a man of power by completing the deal with Westcott, and in pursuance of this resolution he wrote a supplementary report during the evening, which contained some forgotten facts in favor of the scheme in contemplation. When he took it to the office next day he met Tower, to whom by way of encouragement he mentioned the report.

"Why do you waste time with reports?" demanded Tower. "Why don't you go and talk it into him?"

Miller's opinion was somewhat shaken, and, to be brief about it, he was led to lay the matter before Stella Wright, who strongly urged action. A rapid and exciting conversation occurred between them, and it left a very confused impression on Miller's mind, but after a long period of meditation late at night he decided that the love of his life depended upon old Samuel Westcott's decision, that Stella would marry him if he carried the day. Thus urged to action, he went down to the office next morning and had a long and earnest talk with Westcott, who in reply said only this: "I didn't know you were so desperate about it. I'll look into the matter a bit deeper, I guess."

Miller went away with fear in his heart. When he returned to the office

"WAIT FOR ME."

late in the afternoon and inquired for Tower the assistant cashier, a round faced, round eyed youth, drew him into a corner.

"Tower's gone," he whispered. "There's been an awful row of some kind. I don't know what it is."

"All's over," said Miller to himself. "I return to New York a beaten man."

He had not the courage to face Westcott then. Instead he went in search of Stella Wright. He had a wild idea of offering his hand to her in the midst of this great wreck of his hopes. If she should speak one kind word to him, then he would feel that he could face the world.

He met Stella in the hall of the boarding house. She had a little black bag in her hand.

"Wait for me," she said, pointing to the parlor. "I'll be back in a jiffy."

Impulsively he raised her hand to his lips. Then he went into the parlor and waited, but Stella's "jiffy" was a long time. The supper bell rang and still she had not come.

"I wonder what has happened to Mrs. Wright?" he asked of the landlady, who came sailing through the parlor in her supper time gown.

"Mrs. Wright's gone," said that lady.

"Gone!" echoed Miller.

"Her trunk was taken this afternoon," was the reply. "She had a telegram from the east."

"She has left town? It can't be possible!" exclaimed Miller.

"I guess it is, though," said the landlady as she bustled away toward the dining room.

"Mr. Westcott wants to see you," said a voice.

Miller turned and saw a boy employed in the office of the manufacturing company. Dazed, he followed this boy to Westcott's house.

"My young friend," said the old gentleman, "I owe you a deep debt of gratitude."

"I don't understand!" gasped Miller.

"I was going into this thing," said Westcott. "I'd made up my mind to it. Then you came out here, and I said to myself: 'If this was a good thing would Frank Miller be in it? Would his father's son ever strike anything that had money in it?' And I took a new streak of caution all on your account. I communicated with a man in New York, and today I got my answer. The whole thing is a fake. I'd have been skinned alive; I'd have dropped at least $100,000. It was a near game. But I don't blame you; indeed, I praise you. You were perfectly honest; you merely laid the facts before me as you understood them. So I'm going to reward you. I'm going to put you in Tower's place"—

"Tower has gone, then?"

"Gone!" echoed Westcott. "Well, I should say he has. He's run away with that woman, Stella Wright, that he's been so infatuated with. She's in the game, too, I guess."

"Stella gone!" cried Miller. "Gone with him!"

Westcott looked at him long and closely.

"Your luck ain't so bad, after all," he said. "You want to thank the Lord; that's what you want to do. This man Tower has gone and left a job that you can have for life, and I'll pay you well. He's gone and taken that woman. So much the better, as I clearly perceive. If there'd been any way in which he could take the job with him and leave the woman behind you'd have been in hard luck on both sides. Yes, sir; in that case you'd have shown a touch of the real old Miller hoodoo. As it is, I begin to have hopes of you."

JOCKEYS IN TRAINING

KEEPING THE WEIGHT DOWN IS NOT A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

Fattening Foods Are Avoided, and Judicious Exercise Is Courted—As a Rule, Riders Last a Dozen Years and as a Class Are Not Saving.

"It is a popular belief," a well known trainer said to a reporter recently, "that a jockey has to resort to all sorts of injurious practices in order to keep his weight within required limits. The idea, however, is a far stretched one. Of course a jockey has to go through certain exercises each day, and has to be very much more careful regarding what he puts in his stomach than most people in order to keep his weight down and from acquiring a superfluity of flesh, but he certainly does not starve himself, as is generally supposed. If he did so he would break down entirely in a very short time. A jockey must also be in the best possible physical trim and have his wits about him before a race, and to attain that he must be careful how he uses his constitution.

"There are two very important things a jockey has to consider in studying his dietary. He must see to it that his food is of the best quality and that it contains practically no flesh forming properties. All such fattening foods as, for instance, soups, beef, pork, potatoes, puddings and pastries a jockey must deny himself. Coffee, tea or other drinks are only taken very moderately, as all liquids help more or less in putting on flesh.

"Although a jockey has to eschew such foods, there are many other varieties which he gets just as much pleasure in eating and which at the same time are equally as good and strengthening for his constitution. A few days before a race a jockey who has a mount in it will not stint himself—provided he has no fear of overtopping his proper weight for the race—in anything which he thinks will not interfere with his digestive apparatus.

"Some jockeys, of course, take on and lose flesh quicker than others. I have known one or two who were particularly anxious to ride in certain races, but for which they were perhaps as much as eight or nine pounds too heavy, who reduced that weight in the same number of days. To accomplish that, however, they have to resort practically to a starving diet, leaving as little as the strain on the vitality will permit without breaking down and trying to reduce their overweight by certain sweating exercises. It is needless to say that no jockey could stand too frequent repetitions of such severe measures to subtract from his weight without danger of permanently injuring his health and even sacrificing his life; still, many willingly resort to such 'get light weight quick' methods where they see good opportunities of making a name or a pile of money for themselves.

"It must be remembered that by nature jockeys as a whole are not of substantial physique or imposing in height, although they are as tough as whipcord. If they were, therefore, to indulge every day in the heavy bill of fare that the average business or working man partakes of it is not probable that they would increase much in weight or height. You often see jockeys in the big hotels and restaurants at the various racing sections after a race tucking in big and expensive dinners with a gusto and relish that would give a chronic dyspeptic an appetite for hard tack.

"Walking, running, cycling, punching the bag and hurdle jumping are favorite exercises among jockeys to keep their weight down. On going out for a walk or run they wrap themselves in the thickest of woolen sweaters and other heavy clothing, no matter how high the temperature may be, and the exercise is kept up for a distance perhaps of eight or nine miles, or, as we say, until you are drowned in sweat. Turkish baths are also frequently indulged in by many, and they must wear excessively warm clothing after, and also when going for a gallop, no matter if the weather be boiling hot.

"I should say that ten or twelve years is the average of a jockey's active turf life. The length of his career, however, depends a great deal on his riding ability and luck.

"Jockeys are not of a saving class, and with but few exceptions I know of none who has ever managed to put enough money away to keep him in even half decent comfort after retiring from the turf. The majority, however, succeed in scraping up a bank roll of sufficient dimensions to start in some business. Like retired pugilists, they have a fondness for the liquor business, and I know a few one time jockeys who are prospering in that trade in different parts of the country. Others, again, become 'bookies,' poolroom keepers and enter into such businesses as enable them to gratify their inveterate love for gambling. I know of only one ex-jockey who is an exception to this rule. He retired some years ago with $50,000 to his credit, and he immediately went into the real estate business in New Jersey. Today he is doing well. He was fortunate enough, however, to receive a good common school education in his early boyhood days, and that's a thing jockeys very rarely get. Outside of their knowledge of horsemanship the great majority are as ignorant as red Indians."—New York Times.

Money Talks.

"I suppose Lumley likes to argue as much as ever and is continually worsted as usual."

"No; he's more successful now since he got wealthy."

"What has his wealth to do with it?"

"Well, when he sees he's losing he just offers to bet a hundred, and that settles it."—Philadelphia Press.

THE ATHLETE'S HEART.

In the Rowing Man It Is Strong and Well Developed.

A prominent member of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania Medical school has made a study of the heart action of athletes. He has examined a large number of men in athletics, especially rowing men, and he has come to the conclusion that no man in perfect health who has been properly trained is injured by rowing, but that, on the contrary, his heart is so strengthened that, with a moderate amount of exercise after he has finished his rowing career, there is no reason, so far as the heart and lungs are concerned, that he should not live to a very old age.

"The heart," said he, "is both a very delicate and a very strong organ—that is, if it is well developed it will stand an enormous amount of strain without any permanent injury, but if it is not well developed it is very easily weakened. Violent exercise, like rowing, places a great deal of strain on the heart because when the body is being exerted it requires so much more pressure to force the blood through the body. Like any other muscle that is worked, the heart under the added labor becomes larger, and most athletes have extra large hearts, just as they also have larger muscles throughout the body.

"If the strain is put upon the heart suddenly it dilates—it becomes larger, but not more muscular—and that is the danger in athletics. If a man exercises gradually then his heart also increases in size gradually because the muscles become larger, and this is a perfectly normal condition. It simply means that the athlete has a stronger heart than the average and can cope with the extra strain that is put upon it. A man needs a larger heart to row a race, and if gradual exercise has so provided him with one then he can safely undergo the most severe tests.

"It is the same way with the lungs, and they must be developed gradually until they can undertake the extra work. A man with his heart and lungs well developed is in no danger no matter how hard the race. He may completely keel over at the end of the race, but it will likely be from sheer exhaustion, and his heart is so strong that the effect is not at all injurious. He will be as good as ever in a few moments."—Philadelphia Record.

APHORISMS.

The heart gets weary, but never gets old.—Shenstone.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

What we learn with pleasure we never forget.—Mercier.

Opposition influences the enthusiast; never converts him.—Schiller.

True merit is like a river—the deeper it is the less noise it makes.—Hazlitt.

The eye of the master will do more work than both of his hands.—Franklin.

Experience takes dreadfully high school wages, but he teaches like no other.—Carlyle.

Kindness is the only charm permitted to the aged; it is the coquetry of white hairs.—Feuillet.

If we had no failings ourselves we should not take so much pleasure in finding out those of others.—Rochefoucauld.

A Brilliant Retort.

After dinner speaking is an art, and, like many other arts, its excellence has much to do with the mood of the artist. Some of the best of our after dinner speakers sometimes fail, but it is not often that failure results in the enrichment of the world's store of epigram, as it did in the case of Lord Erskine many years ago.

When Lord Erskine was made a member of that highly honorable body, the Fishmongers' Company of London, he made an after dinner speech on the occasion of his first appearance among them as a member. Upon his return he said to a friend:

"I spoke ill today and stammered and hesitated in the opening."

"You certainly floundered," was the reply, "but I thought you did so in compliment to the fishmongers."

The Prattle of a Bright Child.

At times it cannot be denied the questions of children become irksome, but who would wish a child to ask no questions? Julius Sturm tells in one of his pretty fairy tales how a grandfather, driven into impatience by the constant questionings of his grandchild, exclaimed, "I wish your tongue were out of joint!" But when unexpectedly his wish was fulfilled and the child became dumb how he joyfully exchanged one of the two years which an angel had prophesied he was yet to live for the privilege of hearing the little one's prattle again!

Speechmaking.

"What do you think of my speech?" said the aspiring young orator.

"Not bad," said the cold man of experience.

"I devoted a great deal of thought to it."

"Yes, that's a mistake young men are apt to make. You put thoughts into your speeches instead of telling the audience stories."

Even at That.

Gus—The idea of his saying I had more money than brains! Quite ridiculous!

Jack—That so?

Gus—Of course. Why, I haven't got a cent.

Jack—Well?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Comes High.

Knicker—Experience is the best teacher.

Becker—Well, aren't we always taking her salary?—Harper's Bazar.

The Ways of Boston.

The crooked streets of Boston are said to follow the old paths along which the early settlers of the place drove their cows to and from their pasture on the common. However true this may be, it is certain that many of the main streets of the old city proper mark geographic features, formerly of importance, but now almost entirely forgotten. Atlantic avenue follows closely the original shore line; Washington street preserves in its curves the old road along the narrow neck of land which was the only connection for a long time between the mainland and Boston peninsula, with its three hills, which gave the name Tremont; Causeway street represents the dam to the earliest tidal mill pond, and Beacon street, the "mill dam," was built later to hold back the waters of Back bay at high tide to be used for power at low tide; the curve of Park square gives the shore line of this Back bay, where the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation used to put on their skates to glide over the area now occupied by Trinity church and the Public library.—F. P. Gulliver in Journal of Geography.

Living, Yet Dead.

In a German law journal may be found a curious account of a woman who, though actually living, is legally dead. Some years ago she disappeared from her home, and after three years had elapsed the court formally pronounced her dead and turned over her property to her next of kin. Soon afterward she returned to her native place, and as there was no question as to her identity she naturally thought that she would have no difficulty in recovering her property. The court, however, flatly refused to comply with her request.

"You have been declared dead," it virtually said, "and it is impossible for us to regard you as living."

Thereupon the woman appealed to a higher court, but her labor was in vain, for the verdict of the lower court was upheld, and, moreover, an official notice was issued to the effect that the plaintiff, having formally been declared dead, could not now be restored to life, as the law understands that word, and must remain dead until doomsday.

The Russian Bride.

A Russian bride has a very much more trying time on her wedding day than has her American sister, for she must fast until after the ceremony is over and that after enduring the trials of a "farewell party" the day before. As the wedding, to be fashionable, must not take place till the evening, it is easy to imagine in what an exhausted state the bride often enters on her new life. Besides bridesmaids there are also bridesmen, who have to provide the bridesmaids with sweetmeats. The number of bridesmaids is unlimited, and they are not dressed alike. Following the bridal procession is carried a picture in gold and silver of Christ, which is stationed against the altar. The bride's old nurse is intrusted with the removal of the bride's dowry from her father's house to that of her future husband.

A Million For Advice.

Sometimes repressing a client pays a lawyer well. There is a persistent story, which probably will never be printed as to names and details, that a famous trust magnate paid a lawyer a million dollars in cash for simply saying to him: "Don't fight. If you insist on fighting I will take your case. But if you fight remember all your books will be opened and all your methods disclosed." The bewildering munificence of that instant fee of a million was a record for wise philanthropy which showed the genius of the philanthropist. Never was a fee better earned if the tale is true.—Everybody's Magazine.

A Cautious Answer.

A writer on New England and New England people some years ago said that the caution of the New Englander in giving an answer to a direct question was illustrated to him one day when he asked an eastern friend whose family were not noted for very active habits, "Was not your father's death very sudden?"

Slowly drawing one hand from his pocket and pulling down his beard the interrogated cautiously replied, "Waal, rather sudden for him."

Heroic Measures.

"I'm after a servant girl," said Housekeep. "one with a good, big appetite preferred."

"That's rather an unusual request," began the employment agent.

"Well, I've got to put a stop to this business of having things warmed over the next day."—Philadelphia Press.

The Lamp of a Man's Life.

Dr. Holmes said the lamp of a man's life has three wicks—brain, blood and breath—and to turn down any one of them makes the other two go out. The wounds a man will survive and even disregard so long as his head, heart and lungs are unhurt have long been one of the wonders of war history.

Heartstrings Particularly.

Whatever music there may be in the instrument called man cannot be brought out fully and entirely until a woman takes it in charge and plays upon the strings of it.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Unfortunately the Only Way.

"Of course you wouldn't marry a title?"

"Not if there was any other way of getting one," answered the severely practical girl.—Chicago Post.

Modern Version.

Rich Heiress—Are you sure you love me?

Hard Up—Love you? Why, I worship the very ground you inherit.

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LOVE'S BLINDNESS

By MARY WOOD

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The foreshadowed blackness of defeat was settling down upon Mrs. Condon. Her reputation as a matchmaker was trembling in the balance. Gone now was every trace of the confidence with which she had read her sister's first agitated letter.

"H'm!" she had said ruminatingly. "Tommy Parker. I have always liked Tommy. However, Maria says he is ineligible, and I suppose she ought to know. As for Margery, she's young yet, and I'll guarantee to find another man to make an impression on her."

And so Margery had come, proving all that her aunt had expected and more—sweet, gracious and—there was the rub—unimpressionable. As she leaned back in the corner divan on the afternoon of the musicale Mrs. Condon's critical eye could find no flaw in her beauty. The softened candle glow revealed unexpected high lights in the brown hair and lent a delicate flush to the clear pallor of her skin, while her simple dress disclosed every line of the lithe young figure.

For the moment her little court of admirers drifted away. She sat alone with a far away look in the dark eyes.

"Probably thinking of Tommy," Mrs. Condon commented grimly.

Suddenly and with unmistakable interest Margery leaned forward. Her aunt's gaze followed hers and beheld a young man, a most eligible young man, Mr. Thorne Dillon. And he being also an observant young man, promptly met the invitation of the dark eyes. There came a skilful change of position, a few words of introduction, and the two were sitting on the corner divan. Mrs. Condon breathed a soft sigh of relief.

Margery was never embarrassed. That was one of her charms. "I was wishing that you would come and talk to me," she said simply. "There was something in your face that attracted me."

"And I," he answered, "seem to have been waiting all my life for this meeting."

The girl flushed a little at the unveiled admiration in his tone. Yet her laugh, the buoyant, care free laugh of youth, echoed softly as she answered:

"I WAS WISHING THAT YOU WOULD COME AND TALK TO ME," SHE SAID SIMPLY.

"Very well done, sir. But suppose we consider the compliment stage past and fry our hands at being friends. I know you can be a lovely friend if you choose."

She put out her hand in an impulsive fashion. Thorne Dillon took it eagerly. "Behold, it shall be as your ladyship wishes!" he cried eagerly. "We are to be friends for as long as I deserve the title." And he sealed the compact with the lightest of kisses on her delicate finger tips.

Friends they were for the next three weeks; more than friends, Mrs. Condon thought. She could give but one meaning to the daily roses and bonbons which bore the card of Mr. Thorne Dillon, to the equanimity with which Margery took walks and drives and dances with the same young man. Her confidence as a matchmaker was returning tenfold.

Another letter from Maria came one afternoon, therefore, like thunder from a clear sky. The letter was despairing, and, though slightly incoherent, it told Mrs. Condon some unpleasant truths.

She was pondering over it when there came a light knock on her door. Before she could answer Margery walked in. The wind had whipped the girl's cheeks to crimson, her soft felt hat was awry, and short curls rioted around her face. In her dishevelled beauty she seemed the personification of youth and the joy of living.

But there was no answering smile on Mrs. Condon's face. "Where have you been, Margery?" she asked sternly.

Margery started. Then her wondering glance found the letter lying in her aunt's lap, and she flushed consciously. But her tone was light as she answered: "Driving with Mr. Dillon. It was glorious."

Mrs. Condon waved the accusing letter as she said tragically, "So much the worse for you, wretched girl!"

Margery only laughed. Then with a sudden tender movement she knelt down and threw her arms around her aunt. "Is the news in the letter so very dreadful?" she asked. "Perhaps it seems ungrateful for me to want to go home when you have been so kind to me. But, then, there is Tommy." She blushed a rosy red and hid her face in her aunt's lap.

Mrs. Condon's anger had changed to bewilderment. "But Mr. Dillon?" she asked uncertainly. "What have these last weeks meant if it was not that you cared for each other?"

The girl raised her face eagerly. "So we do," she said earnestly. "We care a good deal, for we are the best of friends. He knows all about Tommy. I told him. And I told him why I was attracted by him that first afternoon. He reminded me of Tommy. Not that he resembles him, but he had just the look on his face that Tommy has when he is thinking of me." She blushed again at the admission.

But her aunt was still incredulous. "And Thorne, what about his feelings?" she asked sharply. "Have you ever given a thought to them, to what these weeks may have meant for him?"

Margery fairly laughed her answer. "Oh, Thorne! He doesn't care at all one in that way either. He likes me because I look like the girl he hopes to marry some day. He told me so. Isn't it all romantic? We have had a lovely time confiding with each other. And now, auntie, do be good and help me. You must make mamma see how cruel it is for her to forbid me to love Tommy. We can't stop loving each other, and she just makes every one unhappy." She bent forward and pressed a kiss on her aunt's cheek. Who could resist such pleading? Not Mrs. Condon.

* * * * * * *

Margery was going home. She was so radiantly happy that Mrs. Condon forgot the failure of her plans. She had learned to love the girl. Moreover, she had all along had a secret fondness for the ineligible Tommy.

There was quite a little group at the station to wish Margery godspeed. Thorne Dillon was there, the gayest of the party. Margery's lap was piled with flowers. There were red roses. Thorne had sent them.

The train was pulling out. The car window framed a lovely, eglish face. Thorne Dillon looked straight into the dark eyes and waved a gay goodby. The girl raised a red rose to her lips and tossed it to him. "For her," she cried.

Thorne caught the flower and crushed it in his fingers. "For her!" he echoed softly. But his eyes only held the picture of a laughing face framed in a car window.

Mrs. Condon watched him curiously as he walked down the platform. But even she did not guess a secret known only to the firelight in a bachelor's den that evening. A man sat moodily watching the flames. In his hand lay a crumpled red rose.

"She never guessed," he said bitterly. "Through all these weeks I played my part so well she never guessed what a lie I was acting, how each moment the desire to win her love grew more overmastering."

He sat silent a moment, then went on less bitterly. "There will never be another she, but one thing I have gained. I have been her friend and always will be. To her!" He raised the red rose with a triumphant gesture and flung it into the heart of the fire.

The Philosophy.

It was a new philosophy to a waiter in a Broadway restaurant and he evidently did not understand it. The patron had finished his meal, paid his check and was disposing of the change, while the waiter lingered near.

"Are you waiting for a tip?" asked the patron.

"Just as you please, sir," answered the waiter.

"Then I fear that my pleasure will not be yours," replied the patron. "The trouble is that your philosophy is all wrong, and with wrong philosophy we are sure to fall into all sorts of errors."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, not understanding a word.

"Now," continued the patron, "you have the tip reversed from what it should be. You put it wrong end to. I pay the proprietor for food and service, and honors are easy between us. Now, where do you come in? My wants make you necessary. I really create your employment.

"Without a patron to the house you would be without a job. You are under obligation to me for making your presence here necessary, so if you put tips on a philosophical basis you should pay me. I am the reason for the proprietor hiring you."

He walked out, and the waiter stood unmoved.—New York Herald.

What He Might Save.

Members of the budget committee have been relating some amusing anecdotes at a recent meeting, with a view to illustrating that economy is not always practiced with as much care as could be wished. A former minister of war was the hero of one. This officer, having been asked whether he could not contrive to cut his estimates down a little, promptly replied that the thing was impossible. "Now, tell us frankly," continued the politician who was interrogating him on the subject, "if you were to be condemned to be shot if you could not immediately realize some savings without disorganizing any of your services, what would you do?" "Well, in such a case I think that I could dispense with 50,000,000 francs," was the candid answer.—London Chronicle.

Finnish Respect For the Law.

In Finland there is a deep and prevailing respect for law.

"Can I have a shot at an elk?" asked a stranger of a peasant who lived on the fringe of a forest well stocked with this noble game.

"No, sir. It's against the law."

"What is the penalty?"

"Two hundred Finnish marks."

"All right! Will you come along with me if I agree to pay the fine?"

"No, I won't. It's against the law, and I'm not going to break it!"—"Russian Characteristics."

Why He Kicked.

"Say, old chap, it isn't nice of you to refuse to lend me that V. One friend should always be willing to help the other."

"True, but I object to invariably being the other."—New York World.

She Still Lectures.

Mr. Tile—Your wife used to lecture before she was married. Has she given it up now?

Mr. Milds—Well—er—yes—that is, in public.

Her Excuse.

Widow (to dressmaker)—You must really wait awhile for payment for the mourning dresses. We are still too sorrowful to consider financial matters.

DOCTORS' BLUNDERS.

What Legal Methods Applied to Medical Practice Would Uncover.

"Now that I am through with medicine I can speak of the profession in a fashion that I would not if I was still in the practice," said a gentleman who has been known as a successful physician in New York for years as he sat at luncheon in the Lawyers' club.

"Of course I don't care to have my name mentioned, for I have lots of good friends in the profession, but the fact is that the profession of medicine would be nearly ruined if it had to be conducted as you gentlemen of the bar practice your calling.

"We have a great advantage over you, for you in your cases are subject, all to the extremest publicity, while we in our cases have the utmost concealment. Just suppose that in our cases we had a judge who knew as much as or more than we did presiding over our actions and, worse than that, had another physician, whose interests were not ours, watching and criticising us at every step and blazoning every error that we made. Dear me, such a prospect as that would frighten the best physician who ever lived the moment he entered a sick room, and yet that condition is just what you men of the law have to face in every case that you try.

"What sort of a figure would a lawyer cut floundering around in court without any knowledge of his case? But a physician can flounder mentally in a sick room without a second person being the wiser, though the patient may suffer, but, then, dead men tell no tales.

"Under such circumstances of doubt, which is usually ignorance, the physician can look wise, put something into the patient's stomach, go to his office, decide what line of experiment he will follow, return the next day, hoping to find that nature is working the cure that he doesn't know how to effect, and being ready and willing to take all of the credit that comes his way.

"Why, the very first thing that nurses are taught is to observe the utmost secrecy about doctors' blunders. If they told what they know there wouldn't be much confidence in physicians where they are heard. Ask a nurse of experience about this when you have the opportunity.

"Yes, sir, I repeat that the publicity and chance for criticism in your profession, if applied to medicine, would result in the discovery of a small amount of science as compared with the large amount of empiricism."—New York Herald.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

If never injures an orchard to manure it.

Judicious annual pruning is essential with the peach.

Low headed trees resist the wind better, and the fruit is more easily picked.

In grafting a large tree it is best not to try to graft the whole tree in one season.

Budding on certain slow growing and somewhat incongruous stock is the best way of dwarfing.

In most cases the cause of moss appearing on the stems of apple and other fruit trees is wet, cold, undrained land.

The soil for roses should be rich and of such tenacity that it will hold together when pressed. Sand and clay mixed is good.

All wood that is more than two years old should be cut out from the currants and gooseberries. They will produce more fruit, even if the vines are not so large.

An Economical Mother.

Small Katherine, who had been forbidden to touch the ink bottle, had accidentally spilled its contents not only all over her mother's desk, but on the rug, several chairs and her own apron. Her mother, on discovering the state of affairs, had expressed more surprise than pleasure. When the father of the family returned at night his little daughter met him at the door and asked:

"Papa, how much does a bottle of ink cost?"

"Oh, about 5 cents."

"Five cents!" exclaimed the aggrieved youngster in a tone of deep disgust. "And to think that mamma would make all that fuss about one little bottle of ink!"—Lippincott's.

"Are You Ready? Go!"

Mrs. John Peters was the mother of a family of restless children, and she found difficulty in reducing them to quiet when the moment came for asking a blessing at the table. So her course of procedure was something in this fashion:

"Alice, be still! Eddie, not another word! Maud, don't you see your father is waiting? There—now, John; now!"—New York Times.

A Run of Luck.

Tom—I asked old Goldman for his daughter last night.

Dick—What luck?

Tom—Well, it was what you might call a run of luck. I got away.—Exchange.

Purely Ornamental.

Charlie—How in the world, Gawge, do you manage to see with that single eyeglass of yours?

Gawge—My dear fellah, I see with the other eye.—San Francisco Wasp.

The Twins.

"Faith, Mrs. O'Hara, how d' ye tell thim twins aparrt?"

"Aw, 't is aisy—I sticks me finger in Dinnis' mouth, an' if he bites I know it's Moike."—Harvard Lampoon.

Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires and a touch that never hurts.—Charles Dickens.

LIFE IN ENGLISH VILLAGES.

It Is Not the Idyllic Form That Poets Sing About.

"I know a village where there are no fewer than thirty cottages with but one bedroom apiece, and in each of these single bedrooms six, seven and more people are sleeping," says A. Montefiore-Brice, writing in the London Mail about life in the average English village. "In one of them, father, mother and eight children huddled together. In another, father, mother and six children—three of whom are grown up—are sleeping. In these cottages there is one living room downstairs and no sanitary arrangement of any kind. At the back of the cottages runs an open ditch. It is also an open sewer.

"Here, in the very heart of the country, I expect to find abundance of pure water, abundance of sweet air. Too often I find neither about the cottages. Hundreds of villages have no water supply, though a comparatively small expenditure could provide it. I know a village—it is typical of hundreds—where the cottagers have to go half a mile to get water. A foul ditch furnishes another village with the whole of its water supply. Offensive refuse heaps lie piled round the crumbling walls of the cottages. The wooden floors within are rotten with sewage.

"Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex contain many such villages, and other counties—such as Bedford, Cambridgeshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset—easily vie with them. I could write of lonely cottages far across the fields, with no water within a mile, whence the children morning after morning walk two miles to school, and drag their tired limbs that distance back again at night—and this whatever the weather, where the postal service comes but once a week, where the men and boys walk daily five or six miles to and from work, where of drainage there is none, where of the simplest sanitation there is none, where the medical officer of health comes not, and where the inspector of nuisances is unknown."

MEXICAN CUSTOMS.

Female friends kiss on both cheeks when greeting or taking leave.

Gentlemen speak first when passing lady acquaintances on the street.

When a Mexican speaks to you of his home he refers to it as "your house."

The sofa is the seat of honor, and a guest waits to be invited to occupy it.

Men and women in the same social circles call each other by their first names.

Mexican gentlemen remove their hats as scrupulously upon entering a business office as in a private residence.

Dinner calls are not customary, but upon rising from the table the guest thanks his host for the entertainment.

After a dance the gentleman returns his partner to her seat beside her parents or chaperon and at once leaves her side.

The fashionable call of a few minutes is unknown. A lady who arrives at 4 o'clock will remain until 6 or 7. The calls of intimate friends are half day visits.

Her Little Joke.

They were in the studio. Artists' trappery and bohemian paraphernalia were placed about the room with studied carelessness.

Heavy tapestries and portieres choked the walls. Costly statuary, medieval firearms, poniards, yatughans and priceless and historic armor were ranged idly about the room.

Seated on a heavily upholstered divan, eying the American heiress, at work on an intricate landscape, was the duke.

"Bah Jove!" he ejaculated suddenly. "Do you know, Miss Millyins, I'm wrapped up in you and"—

"Huh!" interrupted the wealthy maiden with Yankee sarcasm. "I don't see why you should be wrapped up. I haven't bought you yet."

The duke sat dumfounded, wondering what there was in her remark to cause a smile to break out over her sweet visage.—New York Times.

Monkey and Parrot In Brazil.

In Brazil monkeys and parrots have interests in common. They not only roost in the same trees, but work for mutual benefit. The monkeys cannot easily pick the big Brazil nut husks from the trees, so the parrots gnaw them loose, allowing them to drop, the fall to the ground splitting them. Then the monkeys tear the cracked husks asunder, gather the nuts and divide them with the parrots. Sometimes, when the husks fail to split, the monkeys carry them up to the highest limbs of the tree and let them drop again. Monkey and parrot enjoy their harvest side by side.

Rivals In Misfortune.

People are very often proud of the properties to which they are heirs, but surely few landed estates are so vaunted, few castles are so boasted about, as are the ills to which the flesh is heir. Human nature fairly revels in its misfortunes, and this revelry leads to rivalry and to many complications. None is so proud, none is so jealous, as your traveling invalid.—London Queen.

A Good Reason.

Mrs. Greene—What do you have an alarm clock in your chamber for if you don't have the alarm wound up?

Mrs. Gray—If you could have heard the awful things my husband said when the alarm went off, you wouldn't ask me.—Boston Transcript.

Do as They Please.

Dick—Those folks next door have an awful good time.

Dora—How?

Dick—Oh, they don't have to go anywhere, and they don't entertain.—Exchange.

Affords better opportunities for capable, ambitious, energetic young people than any other department of human activity. The **Rochester Business Institute** has a national reputation for thorough work, and its graduates are in constant demand. Many times during the last year the managers were compelled to say to applicants for young men and women to fill genteel, remunerative positions: "Nobody to send—the supply is exhausted." Catalogue free. Rochester, N. Y.

Woman's Strength In Tears.

The weakest woman in all the world is armed with one weapon against which man's pride and strength are powerless. Her tears will win when everything else has failed. A woman's tears move her own tender sex as well as the sterner masculine brutes. Old and young yield to their potential spell, and when the woman happens to be pretty there is no telling what will follow when her bright eyes grow misty with these messengers from a wounded heart. It is folly to attempt to stand out against a woman's tears. They have caused revolutions. They have made and unmade many a great cause. They can be met in only one way—unconditional surrender.—Exchange.

When Robespierre Was "Stung."

Under the terror Robespierre used to play a peaceful game of chess at the Cafe Regence, and the story is told of a youth who once challenged him and beat him twice. Robespierre, after his defeat, asked how much he owed, no stakes having been previously fixed. The supposed youth, who in reality was a girl in man's clothes, presented an order for the release of her lover from prison, and Robespierre signed it. Napoleon Bonaparte during his consulship was seen at the famous cafe but he showed himself no tactician at chess.—London Telegraph.

Just Ill Hard Luck.

Irate Guest (to waiter)—Look here! Didn't I order a Swiss cheese sandwich?

Polite Waiter—Yes, sir, and there it is.

Irate Guest—There are two slices of bread, but can you find any cheese in them?

Polite Waiter—I'm sorry, sir. The cheese is there all right, only you happened to hit on one of the holes.—New York Times.

She Would Have Had Him.

Gladys—Oh, yes, I refused him. I want a man who has known sorrow and acquired wisdom.

Edith—But, my dear, he would have very soon filled that bill if you had accepted him.—Puck.

Hope says to us at every moment, "Go on! Go on!" and leads us thus to the grave.—De Maintenon.

The day after a man quits work he is in the way.—Atchison Globe.

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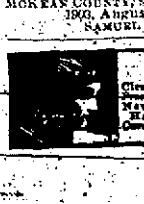
In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County.

No. 143, October Term, 1903.

Now, to-wit, August 3, 1903, it is ordered that hereafter until further order applications for naturalization will be heard on the first day of each term of Court, except License Courts, at two o'clock p. m. or as soon thereafter as the business of the Court will permit, and at no other time.

Jos. W. Bouton, P. J.

McKean County, ss:
1903, August 4, from the record.
Samuel E. Bell, Prothonotary.



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